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T R Bannerman
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THE CATHOLIC POSITION.

Fairly Stated by a Protestant Episcopal Clergyman.

THE VARIOUS SCHISMS.

It is the Teaching Body, Established by Christ Himself, and Instructed by His Apostles.

It is a rare pleasure to find the Roman Catholic position honestly stated. We therefore reproduce, though published some time ago, the following article from the *American Literary Churchman*. The writer, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, asks:

"How stands the case of the Roman Church?" and answers:

"It stands thus: There has from the beginning, as all admit, been an organized body known to all the world, and acknowledged even by heretics and schismatics, as the Catholic Church. This is the teaching body established by Christ Himself, instructed by His apostles, and left by them under the government of their successors. Time after time arose controversies as to what the truth really was, and these controversies were settled by an appeal to the personal knowledge of the members of the existing teaching body. Is this or that proposed doctrine what was in fact 'delivered' to you? If the answer was, this or that was *not* delivered to us, we never heard it from our predecessors, then the new doctrine was rejected as a heresy. Similarly, and by exactly similar tests, repudiations of authority were rejected as schism. Thus one after another were thrown off, as heretics or schismatics, Gnostics, Montanists, Arians, Donatists, and the like. They all quoted Scripture and appealed to reason, but they were answered by *prescription;* they were anathematized and *the Church* remained *the Church*, the living visible, continuous, indefectible teaching body. Later on came the Greek Schism, which was dealt with by a precisely similar method and on precisely similar principles. The Schism was large and permanent, and the points of difference were, comparatively, unimportant. Still the teaching Body—the living, visible, indefectible Church—maintains her dignified supremacy and the Easterns are cut off. In the West she is without a rival until comparatively recent times. Wycliff, Huss, Luther, Calvin, with their followers, arise up against her doctrine or her discipline, and they are rejected as in heresy or schism. In the reign of Henry VIII., a whole national Church, the Church in England, repudiates the authority of the See of Rome, rejects one after another of the dogmas defined by what was then, throughout the West, recognized as the living Church, the authorized living body. She is treated exactly like all thero bodies that have acted the same way, and is cut off from communion of the Church. If the Chruch as recognized by the whole West had no right to excommunicate the English, then the United Church had no right to declare that the East had fallen into schism, and the primitive Church had no right to declare that the Arians had fallen into heresy. That is the case of Rome against Anglicanism; it is, in our judgment, *conceded* by such divines as Bishop Seymour and Dr. Dix. It can be met only by those whom our modern 'Catholics' hold up to contempt as creedless and churchless, setting up their own 'private judgment' against authority and against God. What *our* 'Catholics' fail to make clear is the *precise time when* and *the precise reason why*, it became lawful for individual reformers, or for a portion of the Church confined within the territory of some particular nation, to supercede the teaching authority of the continuous living Church by private speculation or civil laws."

A Talented Irishman's High Position in Spain.

An Irishman and a musician has made an enormous fortune in Spain, where he at present occupies one of the highest positions. Who would recognize Bill Murphy in his Excellency the Ccunt de Morphi, private secretary to H. M. the Queen-Regent of Spain, chamberlain to the King Alphonso XIII. and a grandee of the first-class? Yet this noble senor, says the *Minstrel*, has not lost his love for music, for he is praised as a great patron of our art in Spain, where he has published a sonata, two overtures and several minor pieces. The Count has also translated from the English into Spanish "Moschelee's Correspondence of Beethoven." We would like him none the less had he refrained from Gallicising his patronym. Murphy is just as musical and as estimable as Morphi any day.—*Glasgow Observer.*

The Frenchman "Eugene," who was a companion of the Argentine priest, Father Gabriel Segui, both on board ship and in the lodging house at No. 49 Old Compton street, Soho, London, where the body of the priest was found about five weeks ago hanging from a bedpost, has been arrested at Toulon. He was impersonating Father Gabriel Segui and represented himself as a chaplain in the Argentine army on a furlough in France. When he was arrested he had £300 in his possession, the sum remaining from the amount of which he had robbed the priest. He was examined before a magistrate and confessed that he had murdered and robbed Father Segui, and also admitted that his name was not Eugene, but Robello. His occupation, he said, was that of a cook. Measures for his extradition will be taken at once.

The Copts of Egypt are Monophysites, that is, they ascribe but one nature to our Lord, the human nature having been merged in the divine. About fourteen years ago the Society of Jesus was charged by the Propaganda to form a Copt Catholic clergy. This work is giving the most consoling results, and opens the prospect of many conversions among the schismatics. Eleven priests, four of whom doctors in philosophy and theology, have been educated by the Jesuits. They commenced their studies at the College of the Holy Family in in Cairo, and finished them at the University of Beyrouth. There are now in the University five students who will be raised to the priesthood in a year, and who will enter upon the duty of converting their countrymen.

There is a monastery of St. Honarat, on an Island near Cannes, France, which was built in the fourth century. No woman has ever been allowed to enter its walls during the 1,400 years of its existence.

The venerable Bishop De Goesbriand, of Burlington, completed his forty-first year in tne purple on Tuesday last. With the exception of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, the Burlington prelate has no senior in the ranks of the American hierarchy, and he alone survives of the three prelates who were consecrated October 30, 1853.

Our Christmas number, ready Dec. 15th, will consist of sixteen pages, profusely illustrated. Although a double number, there will be no advance over the regular price of five cents.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S REPLY.

Lord Halifax' Letters to the Archbishop of Toledo.

MISLEADING STATEMENTS.

Responsibility for the Original Disclaimed by Leading Protestant Episcopalians

Archbishop Plunkett of the Protestant Episcopalian's in Ireland went through the ceremony of making Senor Cabrera a bishop for the Protestants in Madrid. This gave offense to the advanced ritualistic party in the Anglican Communion. Lord Halifax, President of the English Church Union thereupon wrote to His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, a letter which while condemning Archbishop Plunkett s unwarranted action, contained nevertheless subtle statements capable of seriously misleading the Catholic Bishops of Spain. Cardinal Vaughan to avert this, addressed the following to Cardinal Monescillo of Toledo. It discloses the real estimate of Ritualistics held by the Catholic clergy and laity of England.

Most Excellent and Most Reverend Sir:—The considerations which I am about briefly and promptly to place before your Eminence, upon a matter of the greatest urgency (as may be gathered from the context,) will explain the reason for my sending to you the telegram of this day's date.

1. The English newspapers have just published a letter by Lord Halifax with regard to the consecration of Senor Cabrera. 2. This nobleman is not, and never was, a Catholic, but the chief of one of the sects of the Anglican Church, which claims for itself without the smallest foundation the name of the true Catholic Church. 3. In taking such a name this sect has acted with a view to be regarded in Catholic countries as the National Catholic English Church.

It is supremely important that your Eminence should be posessed of these facts in order that you may treat Lord Halifax and the sect over which he presides with prudence, not dealing with it as if it were a member or a part of the Catholic Church, subject to the civil power. 4. The letter of the Viscount already mentioned is so worded that any Bishop unacquainted with the subtelty of this sect, so well known to your Eminence, might be easily deceived. 5. Many persons of this sect, when travelling in Catholic countries, are accustomed audaciously and sacrilegiously to communicate in the Catholic Churches. 6. This sect speaks of us English Catholics as schismatics, and the Catholic Church of England as an Italian mission.

With regard to Senor Cabrera, who has received the episcopal pseudo-consecration, I have to call the attention of your Eminence to the following:

The Bishops and clergy of the English and Irish Protestant Church do not possess valid Orders. The formula of Ordination composed by Cranmer, in the time of the Reformation, was made with the object of excluding all notion of that sacredotal power (*sacerdocio*) which pertains to ministers who offer sacrifice. On this point I transmit herewith to your Eminence a letter which I have published in the English newspapers, in which I expose briefly the reasons which exist for not being able to recognize the validity of the Orders of the Anglican Church. With regard to the manner in which the pseudo-consecration of Senor Cabrera should be treated, whether by your Eminence or any one else who may concern himself about the matter, it would be convenient not to insist solely upon the sacrilege that has been committed, but more especially upon the fact that the validity of the Orders of the Anglican Church have never been recognized by the Holy See, nor by the Catholic world, and that as regards true Orders, understood in a Catholic sense, neither the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin nor the Bishops and clergy of the Protestant Church, whether Anglican or Irish, should bc considered more than so many laymen. With the object of defending the truth, I write this letter to your Eminence, submitting myself to your benignity and paternal affection and humbly kissing your hands.—Your Excellency's humble and most devoted servant,

Herbert, Cardinal Vaughan,
Archbishop of Westminster.

This letter was written for the use of the Cardinal of Toledo in Latin. But it found its way into the London Times. An error made in the translation was corrected by Cardinal Vaughan. This we have inserted in the proper place.

The Archbishop of Cantebury and the Bishops of his province disclaim all responsibility for the act of their brother of Dublin. The Duke of Newcastle in a letter to the Guardian points out that the act may, under certain circumstances, eventuate in a large number of recruits to Rome.

The Living Church of Chicago, the High Church organ observes: "The action of Archbishop Plunkett in consecrating a Bishop in Spain has aroused much comment in England. It certainly seems strange that so good a man should be so regardless of the interests of the Anglican communion as to act in a matter of such moment without the approval of tne episcopate in general, and, in fact, contrary to its judgment, so far as it has been expressed. He has brought into existence a body which must be regarded as in communion with the Church of Ireland, and through that with the Anglican Church at large. But it is hard to believe that the Bishops will allow themselves to be dragooned into recognition of an act which they did not sanction. Then the question arises, what is the position of a branch of the church, in this instance that of Ireland, which insists upon its admitting to its communion bodies not recognized by the rest of the church? The Archbishop has probably prepared the way for much conflict and controversy.

Made a Vicariate.

The important news comes from the North that the territory of Alaska, which has hitherto been under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Bishop Lemmens, will be raised to a vicariate, and that Rev. P. Toisi, S. J., has been appointed vicar-apostolic. Father Toisi has for years labored as a missionary among the natives of Alaska, his headquarters being at Cosiorefski. No man is better acquainted with the habits and language of the Esquimaux, and his promotion is a fitting reward for a life of arduous duties. Father Toisi was in this city about two years ago and gave some very interesting accounts of his labors in that frozen land. It is not yet known where or when Father Toisi will be consecrated.

A movement is on foot among prominent Catholics of New York looking toward the erection of a suitable memorial to Archbishop Hughes in his native county town of Omagh, Tyrone, Ireland. Archbishop Hughes was the first Archbishop of New York, having been invested with the archiepiscopal power in 1850. He died on January 3, 1864

THE BRANCH THEORY.

Second Article of Monsiguor Capel's Series.

AN ANOMALOUS POSITION.

Clear Statement of the Differences between the Catholic, Greek and Episcopalian Creeds.

Among those who profess the Christian religion in San Francisco, are those who in their Liturgies solemnly declare before their God belief in "One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church." The overseers of these are Archbishop Riordan Bishop Nichols and Bishop Nicolas. The first derives his authority from the Pope of Rome; the second, from the Protestant Episcopalian Corporation called into existence in 1789 after the American colonies separated from England and formed an independent nation; the third, from the Czar of Russia whose predecessor, Peter the Great, in 1721 created a national Church of which he and his successors were to be supreme acting through the Holy Synod. Archbishop Riordan has to hold and teach as a fundamental truth of Christianity, that the Church is an organic body deriving all its authority from the Pope on whom it was confered by Christ in the person of St. Peter. The other two bishops deny this. Bishop Nichols has to teach that the adorable sacrifice of the Mass is a blasphemous fable while the other two bishops teach, it is the highest and purest act of adoration offered to God. The Russian Bishop holds and must teach the Holy Ghost does not proceed from the Father and the Son. The other two Bishops must proclaim He does proceed from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son are worshipped and glorified, who spake by the prophets."

This anomalous position, this difference in the fundamental truths of Christianity, this intrusion of bishops contrary to the decrees of the General Council of Nice in the same diocese, of necessity shocks the faithful who reasonably argue if the Church be one, then should its faith be one, one the Episcopal authority, and one the intercommunion. To agnostic, and infidels it furnishes a strong fact against the Unity of Christ's Kingdom on earth. Bishop Nichols in a late discourse meets the difficulty in this wise: "There are three great branches of the Catholic Church, which, whatever be the grave differences between themselves, do especially value their Apostolic lineage, do each for itself, especially assert their direct line of succession from the Church of the first days. Each one stands as a living evidence of Christianity, though each one suggests sad differences and alienations from the other two." Bishop Nichols then appeals to history to strengthen his theory.

Evolution has never attempted to prove that branches separated from a trunk could live. Nor does history whether inspired or ecclesiastical ever uphold anything so absurd. The Gospels present the Church both in statement and in parable as an organic body sustained in all its parts by the living power of Christ. It is a Kingdom, a house, one fold under one Shepherd, it is a vine with living branches, it is like to a mustard seed growing into a tree. We have the Master's word that a Kingdom, or house divided against itself cannot stand. The inspired writers of the epistles are equally explicit about the organic character of the Church. It is "His Body." It is the "pillar and ground of truth." There must be "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." "He (Christ) is the Head of the Body, the Church." "The members are all one in Jesus Christ." "As the body is one and hath many members and all the members of the body whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also in Christ. For in one spirit were we all baptised into one Body." And so with passage after passage. To rend the unity of doctrine by heresy, or that of obedience to the Church by schism is condemned in the strongest language by the same inspired penmen. Their authors are called false teachers, seducers of the people, ravenous wolves, false prophets, anti-Christs, enemies of the Cross of Christ, spirits of error. Their teaching is stigmatized as doctrines of devils, speaking lies, their ways pernicious, and there heresies damnable. The faithful were warned to avoid these and to withdraw every brother walking not according to the tradition which they had received from the Apostles. The upholders of the Branch Theory do not deny this evidence, and admit that in the beginning and for some centuries there was an "Undivided Church." History tells us that undoubtedly Photius began the Greek schism in 869 and that it was completed by Michael Cernlarius in 1052. From this sprang the present Russian Church in 1721. The English schism, authenticated history places in 1534, and it begot in 1789 the present Protestant Episcopal Church of America. We have therefore to take the earliest of these dates and see whether a Branch Theory was a part of the belief or theology of the Fathers.

Arians and Nestorians and Eutycians with many other heretics arose in this period of the so-called Undivided Church. Their teaching was condemned, and they were severed from the Church. They took with them true sacraments, a true Eucharistic sacrifice, but they were by the General Councils lopped off from the true vine. The Fathers of Nice, of Constantinople, of Ephesus, of Chaliedon, Œcumenically assembled in the fourth and fifth centuries, prove by their condemnations of these respective heresies that they held no Branch Theory. The writers of the period are very explicit on the matter. St. Cyprian Bishop of Carthage wrote on the unity of the church in 251. He says: "Let no one deceive the brotherhood by falsehood; no one corrupt the truth of our faith by a faithless treachery. The Episcopate is one; it is a whole in which each enjoys full possession. The Church is likewise one, though she be spread abroad, and multiplies with her progeny: even as the sun has rays many, yet one light; and the tree boughs many, yet its strength is one seated in the deep lodged root . . . . break a branch from the tree, once broken it can bud no more. . . . . The Church stretches forth her branches over the universal earth . . . . yet is there one head, one source, one mother, abundant in the results of her fruitfulness." Extracts from S. Augustine, S. Chrysostom, S. Cyril and other of the Greek and Latin Fathers of the same period upholding this indestructible organic unity of the Church are grouped in the Faith of Catholics Vol. II. accessible to all. Bishop Nichols refers to 'the Church that was at Antioch.' A voice from there cited by Card. Newman will show how schism was treated. "The divisions at Antioch had thrown the Catholic Church into a remarkable position; there were two bishops in the See—one in connection with the East, the other with Egypt and the west—with which was there 'Catholic Communion. S. Jerome who was then living in the Holy Land had no doubt on the subject. Writing

Continued on fourth page.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from all Sections.

The Count de Chacon, first secretary of the Spanish Embassy at the Vatican, has given his salary for this year to the Little Sisters of the Poor for distribution among the poor of the city.

The Rt. Rev. John Claudius Neraz, Bishop of the diocese of San Antonio, died at his home in San Antonio on the 16th ult, after a long illness. He was born in France in 1828. He was consecrated Bishop of San Antonio May 8, 1887.

On Thursday, November 1st, the Catholic associations of Milan, Italy, deposited a magnificent bronze crown on the monument erected to the memory of Pius IX, in the basilica of St. Ambrose. The civil authorities would not let them march in procession through the streets.

A letter from London to the Vatican states that a number of English Catholics have decided to celebrate in 1897 the thirteenth centenary of the conversion of the English people and of King Edelberth, to Christianity. On that occasion a memorial church will be erected at Slough, near London.

The largest bell in America is in the Cathedral of Montreal. Its weight is 28,000 pounds. That in the Public Building in Philadelphia is to weigh between 20,00 and 25,000 pounds. The old "Liberty Bell," which on the Fourth of July, 1776, announced that the Declaration of Independence was made, only weighs about 1,500 pounds.

Cardinal Gibbons, accompanied by Fathers McCoy, Boland and Reardon, returned last Wednesday from a ten days' trip to New Orleans. The Cardinal visited his brother and other relatives by way of farewell prior to his departure for Rome, whither his Eminence will go shortly for an audience with the Pope. The Gardinal is in excellent heath.

Mgr. Laferriere, bishop of Constantine, Algeria, lately visited the oasis of Biskra, in the Sahara. On Sunday, October 28th, he visited the ruins of the Roman basilica at Timgad and celebrated there the Divine mysteries. The basilica was built in the fourth century and abandoned in the seventh, at the time of the conquest of Northern Africa by the Arabs.

There is a bell in old School No. 1, Paterson, N. J., which has an international histiry. Tradition says that when Napoleon was on a campaign in Switzerland his soldiers destroyed a convent and carried off the bell which had rung the canonical hours of worship for nobody knows how long. It was then reputed to be several hundred years old. The silver was contributed by the pious people of the canton.

The stone is Barre granite and cross and figures are cut from one solid piece. The block when quarried was 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and between 4 and 5 feet thick and weighed 100 tons. This great mass has been cut away so that it now weighs 30 tons. The crucifix will stand 26 feet high, the breadth of the arms will be 10 feet, and the shaft will be 3 feet, 6 inches square. The figure was taken from that of the man who impersonated the Savior at the last presentation of the Passion Play, and is 9 feet from head to foot.

It is within the probabilities that next summer will witness another and a more numerous and imposing American pilgrimage to the famous French shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Bishop Keane of the Washington University, who joined this year's pilgrimage to Lourdes, and came home with them, was so impressed with the success of their pilgrimage that it is said he seriously contemplates organizing a great national pilgrimage to the shrine from this country next year, and has received assurances that such an undertaking would be hailed with delight by American Catholics.

The Buffalo Courrier says: If the clouds to-day permit a sunset worthy of the name, the last rays of light, glinting over the spires of the city, will fall upon the largest crucifix in the world. It is customary with Catholics to erect in their cemetaries a crucifix as a place for public worship, and in this respect the burial-ground of the United German and French Roman Catholic Cemetary Association at Pine Hill has long been lacking. Over two years ago the association determined to fill the want, and accordingly contracted for a crucifix that would be a credit to the church, the cemetary and the city.

In the American Catholic Quarterly Review there is a very opportune and excellent article by the Rev. Augustine Hewitt, C. S. P., on the "Testitimony of the Greek Church to Western Supremacy." At this moment, when the Holy Father is laboring so strenuously to heal the Greek schism and bring about union to the See of S. Peter, it may be well to remind even our readers that in "The Faith of Catholics," a work in three volumes will be found a very complete collection of passages, translated into English from the Greek Fathers, proving their belief in the Supremacy of the Roman Pontiff.

The Franciscan Nuns of the Third Order, at Taunton, Eng., recently celebrated the centenary of their establishment in that country. The original community was founded in Brussels, by an English Franciscan priest, Father John Jennings, in 1619, for those English ladies—and there were many of them—who would go into exile for the sake of the religious life which they could not have at home; and who would devote their years to prayer for the conversion of their ccuntry, and the education of youth. When the Order came to England, in 1794, the penal laws against Catholics having been relaxed in that country, they were only coming to their own again.

The Protestant Episcopal Arrow writes: A Roman Cntholic exchange in describing a recent pilgrimage to Lourdes says that "Holy Communion was given in the Church of the Rosary from 1 o'clock in the morning nntil 9, and nearly all the time by two priests. At the grotto from 5 o'clock in the morning until 9 sixteen ciboriums, containing each four hundred hosss, were employed, while in the basilica no fewer than fifty ciboriums were required." Think of it, good Protestant brethren, twelve consecutive hours occupied, not in reading the service, not in saying or singing Mass, but in the mere distribution of the Blessed Sacrament to the communicants who presented themselves at the altar rail! Ret the slander will still be repeated that Rome is content with attendance at Mass and does not feed its people with the bread of life.

In pre-reformation times the lawterms in England were opened by a Votive Mass to the Holy Ghost. Catholics are sufficiently numerous on Bench and Bar to re-introduce the custom. On the first day of Michaelmas Term the Holy Sacrifice was at SS. Anselm and Cecelia's, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, England, on Wednesday morning. The celebrant was the Rev. M. Fitzgerald, rector of the church. A number of the members of both branches of the legal professicn were present, many wearing their distinctive robes. During the mass Mr. Lawless (a barrister) rendered as violin solo Ardente Religioso, by Mozart, and subsequently another ardente by Tours. Mr. Santley rendered Confirma hoc Eeus and the Ave Maria (his own compositiun). The O Salutaris, by Wely, was sung by Mr. Cellan. Mr. W. Le Jeune presided at the organ.

The death is announced of Rev. James Healey at Ballybrack, Ireland. Until lately he was parish priest at Little Bray. While taking no part whatever in politics, Father Healey was extremely popular with all classes of Society. He was welcome at the Viceregal Lodge under Tory and Liberal regime alike. In the castle, the mansion and the peasant's hut his ready wit, his genial manner and his sterling worth made him loved by all with whom he came in contact. The funeral took place in Dublin, and the the cortege was one of the largest seen in that city for years. In the church, which was filled to overflowing, were the Right Hon. the Chief Secretary, Lord Powerscourt, Sir Henry Cochrane and the Lord Chancellor and several Protestants of the higher walks in life, while wreaths were sent by Lord Plunket, (the Protestant Archbishop) Lord Londonberry, the Earl of Meath, the Master of the Rolls, Lord Iveagh, and clergymen of different religious denominations.

Twenty-five years ago, on October 11, 1869, the first infant was laid at the door of the New York Foundling Hospital in this city, says the Catholic Review of New York, in its issue of Nov. 10. Up to October 11, 1894, 25,697 abandoned babes had been cared for by that institution. Of this number about 10,000 have been placed by adoption in permanent homes. Thousands of needy and despairing young mothers, too, have been sheltered and many of them have been reclaimed to a life of virtue after their first false step. The Maternity has cared for 2,400 women during their confinement. The outdoor department gives employment to 1,100 respectable women who, in their own homes, nurse the little foundlings, and to whom half of the "per capita" money granted to the institution by the State is paid. To these married mothers has gone in the past quarter of a century the large sum of $3,000,000, which they have fairly earned and which has helped them to pay the rent of the rooms that they call home and which from rent went partly to taxation, and so back again to the people's treasury. The great work of Sister Irene and her assistants, three of whom have been with her ever since the asylum was started, has elicited admiration from all philanthrophists who have heard of it.

OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unparallelled Premium Offer.

A second and large shipment of the premium County Maps of Ireland has been received, and we are prepared to at once fill all orders. No more successful premium has ever been offered by a Catholic newspaper on this coast. and the Celtic people are not slow to realize its value as a means of studying up on the geography of their country. Below is a summary of our great premium offer.

For those who send us $4.65, we will send a magnificent crayon portrait entitled a True Likeness of Our Savior, framed in a three-inch oak frame, with handsome passepartout, already boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and a copy of this paper for one year. This offer is limited, and those who desire to obtain this magnificent picture should order it at once.

Our second offer is for $1.50 and 10 cents. to pay postage, to send you a copy of this paper for one year, and an elegantly printed map of Ireland, size, 2½x4 feet, printed in twelve colors. The retail value of this map alone is $1.50, so you practically get this paper for nothing.

For our third offer we will on receipt of $1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for three months and execute for you a crayon portrait, size 17x14 inches, in the highest style of the art. These pictures are superior to any yet offered, and will warrant the closest study. As the price of the paper for three months is 40 cents, the picture, therefore, will only cost 60 cents, but will not be supplied to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon from the paper, enclose $1.00 in coin, money order or stamps, with your photograph. If the picture is not satisfactory your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Address all orders to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, room 10, Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

The Appeal.

(BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE, "MARIE.")

O, matchless month! O, beautiful November!
Full oft the backward gaze
Of storm-racked Earth shall lovingly remember
Thy sunlit, smiling days.

Yet, tear-made gems of mystic consecration
'Amid their splendor shone—
For dwellers sad, in realms of dread Purgation,
Have claimed thee as their own.

But fairer far than e'en the peaceful shining
That filled thy favor'd air,
To captive souls in weary exile pining,
Were magic beams of prayer.

That (to Love's Throne unceasingly ascending,
On angel-pinion glad,)
Could piece their gloom, with strength supernal rending
That prison's darkness sad.

And list! they cry—those patient sufferers lonely,
To each fond earthly friend:
"Not through the Present's fleeting moments only
Your fair gifts hither send.

"When the last day of our sweet month has faded,
Still shed the prayerful tear,
Nor, potent pleaders! leave us all unaided
Throughout the coming year.

"And when, to ye, the mystical November
Shall consecrated be,
Our ransomed souls shall gratefully remember
And swiftly set ye free."

Order your Christmas edition early. A sixteen page number for five cents. Ready Dec. 15th.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN IT COMES AND WHAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

Scientists and Other Investigators Differ In Their Views Upon the Subject—How the Season Was Given Its Name—Is the Haze Caused by Smoke?

There is a great difference of opinion among those who are wise in weather lore as to the exact time when Indian summer makes its appearance, some weather prophets declaring that it includes every warm day between Michaelmas day, the 29th of September, and Christmas, while others locate it in the month of October. Indeed, the opinions of scientists do not agree any better than those of ordinary individuals, but seem to be as hazy as the season itself.

After looking up much scientific data on the subject, and making a consensus of popular opinion, the fact seems established that this phenomenon of seasons really belongs to the month of November, although the signal service notes say that if Indian summer does not come in October or November it will come in winter, as if it were a sort of movable season. Neither do scientists agree as to the cause of that hazy atmosphere which accompanies the season, a condition peculiar to North America. It was attributed by early settlers in this country to the smoke from prairie fires kindled by the Indians—hence the name, "Indian summer." But it is now said by scientific investigators that the appearance of smoke is an optical illusion produced by a peculiar condition of the air, which might be compared to a dry fog. Sentimentalists declare that it is this dreamy haze which gives its great charm to this short, delightful season, when the whole world of nature appears like a beautiful dream. It is the fifth season, the mellow ripeness of autumn, when creation stands still in a lazy, languorous mood, and the picture is vanishing and indistinct like one of Corot's landscapes. It is the golden sunset of the year, brief and evanescent.

Like a mirage, the Indian summer does not wait to be investigated. It is here—it is gone—before the would be investigator was aware of its presence. It is such a restful, happy period that people are content to enjoy it without asking questions, yet there is much in its phenomena that is worth the most careful scientific investigation. It has been suggested that the dreamy haze which accompanies the season is composed of animal life of such a minute form as to be incapable of microscopic examination, but of such innumerable quantities that they obscure the atmosphere and redden the sun. It is also charged to vegetable matter, but these are mere theories which have not yet been proved.

Another token by which this genial Indian summer makes itself known is the absolute silence of nature herself, as if she were taking a vacation from winds that blow and clouds that shade. There is such a stillness in the air from sunrise to sunset that sound itself seems to have gone asleep. But there is no loneliness in the silence. It is only as if everything were resting, bathed in the happy sunshine. The flowers are gone; the singing birds have flown to their southern climes; the leaves have dropped from the trees when the Indian summer comes trailing her white veil to cover the desolation and filling all hearts with the tranquillity of her gracious presence. There is a tonic in the air she brings which chemists cannot bottle nor charge commercial rates for—whiffs of summers that have been contracted into a few days and gone before we can analyze them to say, "This is balsam, or that is balm." It is a draft for the gods.

The subject of Indian summer was investigated as long ago as 1835, when Dr. Lyman Foot of the United States army in his report says that the Indians gave the season its name by calling it their "fall summer," which occurred in November. The doctor was stationed at Fort Winnebago, Missouri territory, at the time and wrote from observation. He says:

"We arrived at this post the 3d day of last November. We had three weeks of Indian summer, with all the peculiar redness of the sky in great perfection." He adds that he had long observed the season with curious attention and calls for an expression of opinion on the subject from other observers.

Professor Willet advanced the theory in a report made to the government in 1867 that the dry fog is real smoke, not produced by prairie fires, but the product of chimneys. The late Professor Henry of the Smithsonian institution reported that a portion of the haze, filtered, was found to contain the lava of volcanoes and fragments of burned vegetables. Neither of these distinguished scientists added anything to the literature of our Indian summer, so when doctors disagree it is not expected that ordinary observers will be able to formulate any tenable theory of its cause. The next best thing is to enjoy its opportunities, leaving its origin to the unknown source whence it is derived.

New England is especially favored by this after summer guest. In that land of rocks and rills the stillness of the occasion is more delicious, the haze more poetic and the winds more languorous in their passive acquiescence in this meditative mood of nature. Emerson must have written of this period:

'Twas one of the charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow.
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow.
It may blow north, it still is warm,
Or south, it still is clear,
Or east, it smells like a clover farm,
Or west, no thunder fear.

The caprice of the season is to wait until winter is almost upon us, then to drop unexpectedly like a benediction with sunshine and warmth and a restfulness that soothes and comforts her fractious children and whisper to them sweet promises of heavenly death.—Detroit Free Press.

TIGHTEN YOUR HAIRPINS.

If You Don't, You Will Not Be Able to Keep Your Sweetheart.

The following interesting little story, accentuating the old creole darky's superstition of "Hold fast your hairpins, hold fast your love," was contributed by Miss Eva Dorsey Anderson: I was walking on Canal street one day and lost some of the small silver hairpins that I used to hold my hair in place. An old colored woman returned them to me with the remark, "Take care, honey, yo's a-losin some of yo' sweethearts, shore; yo' better hold 'em tight." "Why, auntie, how is that?" I inquired. I am always interested in the quaint superstitions of African lore. I find when sifted to the bottom they contain grains of golden wisdom that make one almost believe the Swedenborgian theory that these Africans are the remnant of the most ancient church upon the earth of the celestial nature. Her old wrinkled face was all alive with an intelligence that was certainly not of the mind, but of the heart, as she answered: "Laws, chile, don' yo' know dat's a shore sign when yo' draps yo' harpen dot yo's a-losin yo' hol on yo' sweetheart? Now, don' yo' feel bad, honey, and cry yo' purty eyes out for any son ob Adam dat's a-livin. Dey ain't worf it, nary a one of dem. An jes' yo' believe what ole Rose tells yo', honey," continued the old woman earnestly. "Yo' take dem harpen and lay 'em at the feet of the blessed Jesus, and he will shorely send you back yo' sweetheart."

Then, as she saw incredulity in my face, she said indignantly, "Ain't de blessed Lord done say every hair ob yo' head is counted?"

I thanked the dear old celestial soul for her kindly aid as muttering a blessing on "de dear mamselle" she went away. But the quaint words, so earnestly spoken, sunk into my heart, and I pondered their meaning. It was easy to trace back the superstition to the Swendenborgian doctrine of correspondence of type. Hair is the type of affection, and every one knows that it is impossible not to show the character by the lines and the arrangement of the hair. Fashions in hair show the temper of the time, and men have cut off their hair to denote austerity and abstinence from earthly affection. The stern, austere Puritans shaved their hair and were called "roundheads," while the rollicking cavaliers wore floating curls and were addicted to all pleasures. Another instance of the truth of this type is the shearing of the beautiful tresses of the nun when she takes her vows to renounce the affections of the world. A woman binds her hair about her head to express feminine restraint, and St. Paul is very explicit in his commands in regard to the cutting and adorning of hair in a woman.

And so, linking the wisdom of Swedenborg, the sage, to the old negro mammy's quaint fancy, I thought that it was a beautiful thing to hold that man's affection is thus crowned with the type of the imperishable. And did not old Rose quote the highest authority? "Verily I say unto you the very hairs of your head are numbered," believing in her simplicity of heart that the least things pertaining to our affections are not lost, and the least loving thought of our sweethearts can be regained by laying it at the feet of the Lord, where all love is surely garnered. It was a beautiful fancy, if nothing more, and it brought to me the thought of a loving, weeping woman who thousands of years ago bathed the feet of Jesus with her tears and wiped them with her raven tresses, bringing her best and highest love into lowest service.

So I thought I would send the little story to Woman's World and Work to remind the girls to be careful how they fastened their pretty tresses with their gold and silver pins, for as they place these pins carefully and securely they are holding in their faithful hearts their true lover's best affection, but if they put them in with light and careless fingers they are running the risk of losing their admirer and laying themselves open to the imputation of flirt.—New York Tribune.

Mystery of the Blue Bean.

The English blue bean, when introduced by the proprietors of The Horticultural Review, caused much commotion in the horticultural world. At Earl's court, shortly afterward, the blue bean was the center of attraction in the pavilion devoted to the fruit and flower shows, the table on which the dishes containing the delicately tinted pods were displayed being thronged throughout the day by an enthusiastic crowd of amateur and professional gardeners, all bent on solving the mystery of the blue bean. The secret of the blue bean's blueness no man knows. It is of a most exquisite tint, and every part of the skin of the pod is both evenly and perfectly dyed. Inside the flesh and seeds are of the usual green tint, and from a culinary point of view the bean is everything that could be desired.—London News.

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A PARTING.

"Goodby, then," and he turned away,
No other word between them spoken.
You hardly would have guessed that day
How close a bond was broken.

The quick, short tremor of the hand
That clasped her own in that brief parting
Only her heart could understand,
Who saw the teardrop starting:

Who felt a sudden surge of doubt
Come rushing back unbidden o'er her
As at the words her life without
His presence loomed before her.

The others saw, the others heard
A calm, cool man, a gracious woman,
A quiet, brief farewell unstirred
By aught at all uncommon.

She knew a fatal die was cast.
She knew that two paths hence must sever;
That one familiar step had passed
Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant
A trivial parting, lightly spoken.
She read the bitter, mute intent.
She knew a heart was broken.
—Barton Grey.

THE LOST ENGINE.

"I was speaking the other day," said the Jericho station master, "of railroad ghosts—trains and engines and such—and you didn't seem to believe that there are any such things. Now, just to show you that I was telling the truth, I'll tell you about the ghost of an engine that I saw myself, and that lots of other men on this road have seen. Just wait till that train starts along, and we have this here station to ourselves as usual."

A way train had stopped at the station, and as the station master spoke there suddenly fell out of the door of the baggage car a man curiously complicated with a bicycle. The man, who was the baggage master of the train, had managed to put his foot through the spokes of one of the wheels of the bicycle, and man and machine were writhing on the platform, the one cursing loudly and the other giving forth the crackling sound of snapping steel rods.

"There," said the station master. "That's what happens twice out of every three times that a man tries to handle one of those machines. Seems to me that they were invented just to make things miserable for the trainmen. I tried to wheel one along the platform one day, and before I knew what was the matter the blamed thing had thrown me and was trying to break my legs and gouge my eyes out. They're just like a coyote. You take a coyote by the back of the neck and hold him out at arm's length, and he'll manage to bite a piece out of the calf of your leg or some other place that's mebbe ten feet away from his mouth. I never yet saw a baggage master that could smash a bicycle without hurting himself worse than the machine. It ought to be made illegal to send bicycles by rail, and that's a fact."

The baggage master finally extricated himself from the bicycle and withdrew into his car to repair damages. The train whistled and went on its way, and the station master, seating himself by my side, proceeded with his story:

"About ten years ago we had an engine on this road that you would just have admired to see. She was the Fanny Ellsler — that was her name, being named after one of the queens of France or some other place. Nowadays we don't think that 60 miles an hour is any very great speed, but in those days the Fanny, as we called her for short, was the only engine in this part of the country that could do her mile in 60 seconds. Naturally the road was proud of her, and the men bragged of her continually, especially when they met any of the men that worked on the Montana Southern road, that was considered by some to be a sort of rival of our road, though it was a poor, half bankrupt concern.

"The engineer of the Fanny was an old fellow by the name of Gridley. He was allowed to be the best engineer on the road at that time. He used to be able to do anything with that engine, and he was the only man who could manage her. There was always something queer about the Fanny. She had a trick of getting tired, or of letting on that she was tired, and refusing to work. She'd be a-going along at her usual gait, and all of a sudden she would slow down and pretty near quit making steam. No engineer except Gridley could manage her when she got these fits on. Other men that tried to run her found that the only thing they could do was to wait till she got good and ready to move on. But Gridley, he would just polish up her brasses a bit, whistling some cheerful tune and now and then saying something pleasant to her, and all of a sudden she would hump herself and travel along as if there had never been anything the matter. After the sperintendent got to know the Fanny pretty well he would never allow anybody except Gridley to take her out of the yard. He used to run her the length of the road twice a day, except Sundays and when he was taking a holiday. You see, he was a very peculiar man, was this here Gridley. He never drank a drop while he was at work, and as a general thing he would keep perfectly sober for six or eight months. Then his mother, or his wife, or his sister would die, and he would ask for three days' leave to go to the funeral and settle up the estate. The superintendent kew as well as Gridley did what was the matter, but he would always give him his three days, and Gridley would go away and get drunk enough to satisfy him for the next months. He and I were great friends, and many's the ride I've taken with him on his engine, just to keep him company, when I had a couple of spare hours, and I had a good many of them at that time, owing to not having any permanent berth on the road, and just keeping myself ready to fill in wherever there might happen to be a vacancy.

"One morning Gridley comes to me looking about as scared as ever I saw a man look. 'What's the matter?' says I, beginning to fear that some serious accident had happened on the road.

"'The Fanny is lost,' says he.

"'What do you mean?' says I. 'Has your mother been dying again? If that's the case, I'm sorry, for she died last time only six weeks ago.'

"'I went into the engine house at Spartanville this morning,' says he, speaking slow and dazedlike, 'and the Fanny wasn't there. You know, she goes into the engine house every night at 7:30, and last night I put her in as usual and stopped while the fireman banked the fires. When we left, there was nobody in the place, and, as you know, nobody never goes near it during the night. This morning at 5:15 I went down to bring her out, and she wasn't there. The fireman had been about five minutes ahead of me, and he was as much astonished as I was. Well, we easy enough found that she wasn't anywhere in Spartanville, and then we inquired after her by telegraph. There wasn't a blessed station on the road that seen hide or hair of her. The superintendent has started on a special from Athensville and is going the whole length of the road to see if there is any sign of her having been taken out and ditched, but he'll never find her.'

"'What on earth do you cal'late has become of her?' said I.

"'There was always something queer about that engine,' said Gridley. 'You know what queer ways she had, such as you never knew any other engine to have. It's my belief that either she wasn't a genuine at all, but just the ghost of one, and that she's gone back to where she came from, or else, if that isn't what is the matter with her, she has been stole.'

"'How's a man going to steal a locomotive?' says I. 'Do you cal'late that some chicken stealer got into the engine house at night and carried the Fanny off under his coat?'

"'No, I don't,' says Gridley, 'but mebbe some of those chaps of the Montana Southern road has got tired of hearing us brag about the Fanny and has come up here and carried her off.'

"'Carried her off in a bag or a wheelbarrow?' says I, for I thought Gridley was talking nonsense.

"'Didn't you ever hear how Tom Sharpe—him that was superintendent of the Confederate railroad during the war—came to Harper's Ferry one night with about 400 yoke of oxen and dragged a dozen locomotives belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio road off across the country till he struck a Virginia railroad? What's been done once can be done again.'

"There was no use talking to Gridley about the thing, and so I let him have his own ideas. As far as I was concerned, I didn't have any ideas whatever on the subject. I didn't believe that the engine was a ghost, for I had made too many trips on her not to be sure that she was good honest steel and brass. And I didn't believe that she had been hauled across the country by ox teams, for in that case her tracks would have been left on the road, and there wern't no track visible anywhere. The thing just seemed to me to be a big mystery, and when a thing's a mystery the less you think about it the better. However, I couldn't help thinking about this thing, for the whole road talked of nothing else for the next week. It even got into the Chicago newspapers, where, of course, everybody thought it was only a reporter's lie. The superintendent spoke to me about it himself, for I happened to meet him down at Tiberius Center when he was on the search for the Fanny, and I could see that it was his belief that she had been stolen. I told him fair and square that it was a mystery, and that he would have to wait till he got to a better world before he would find out the truth about it.

"Gridley wouldn't take another engine. He said that unless he found the Fanny he would never touch a lever again, and as he had nothing particular to do he started in to make up lost time in drinking whisky. I didn't see him for pretty nearly two months, and they told me that he was gone on a hunt for the Fanny and probably wouldn't ever return. But one day who should come to my boarding house here in Jericho but Gridley, looking thin and ragged and dirty. However, he was sober enough, though he was more excited than I had ever known him to be, engineers being men that very seldom ever allow anything to excite them.

"'I've found the Fanny,' says he in a sort of whisper.

"'Well, I want to know!" says I, for I was mightily astonished.

"'It was the Montana Southern that stole her,' said he. 'She's down at West Saragossa, not ten miles from here. I saw her there yesterday myself. They've lacquered her brass work black, and they've given her a new smokestack, and they've changed her name to the Pocahontas, and her own builder wouldn't know her. But I knew her just as soon as I heard her puff. She's hauling the express on the Southern road, and she lays up at West Saragossa at night, and I want you to come down with me tonight, and we'll steal her.'

"'Why don't you tell the superintendent, and let him put in a claim for her?' I asked.

"'Because he couldn't never prove that she is the Fanny. The Southern road owns the judge before whom the case would be tried, and they'd have a hundred witnesses to swear that she wasn't the Fanny. No, sir; she has got to be stole, and I know now just how to get her on to our track.'

"'How's that?' says I.

"'Don't you remember,' says Gridley, 'that down the road about 70 miles from here the Southern track runs parallel to ours for a spell and only about 20 yards away? When the Fanny was stole, she was taken to this here place, and the rails were unspiked and led across to the Southern track. It's easy enough to do, and we'll do the same. I want you to come along because you know a fireman's duties middling well, and I won't trust any of our firemen on a job of this kind.'

"Well, I said I would go, and we took a horse and buggy and drove over to West Saragossa that afternoon good and early, so as to see how the land lay. When night came on, we went out of town a bit and staid in the woods till about 1 o'clock, and then we crept down to the engine house and shoved the Fanny out by putting our backs to her, and when we had got her on the main track we climbed aboard and let her run down the grade, which is middling steep just out of the village, while I worked at the fires and got them to going good and bright.

"We had about 65 miles to run, and Gridley said that, according to the time table, there was no train that would be in our way unless it might be a wildcat. That's just what I cal'lated there would be, and the idea of running full speed along a strange track in the dead of night didn't suit me as well as some things might. We got the Fanny up to about 45 miles an hour, which was pretty good considering that I was not by any means a first class fireman. Long before we got to a station Gridley would turn on the whistle and keep it screeching loud enough to wake the dead. I shut my eyes every time we came near a station, for I expected that something would be in the way or that a switch would be turned wrong, or that something would happen to smash Gridley and me for good and all. But everybody at the stations thought that we were a special and had everything made clear for us as soon as they heard the whistle.

"We had been running about half an hour when all of a sudden Gridley sings out, 'Brakes, quicker'n lightning, and reverse the engine.' We came to a halt, and Gridley says to me: 'There was a tramp lying asleep with his head on the track. We've cut him into a thousand pieces.' The man was trembling, and I began to understand that the drink had been telling on him. 'Let her go,' says he in another minute. 'What's done can't be helped.' So in a few minutes more we were booming along again, old Gridley leaning out straining his eyes ahead and keeping his hand on the lever. Presently he sings out 'brakes' again and brings the engine up with a jump. 'Another tramp,' says he. 'What in all creation do they mean by sleeping on the track in this way?' Then I saw that Gridley had the horrors, and I was mighty sorry I had ever agreed to come with him.

"The same thing happened five minutes later. Says Gridley: 'The whole blessed track is covered with tramps. I can see seven ahead of us now.' With that he seemed to get into a sudden rage and turns on his whistle and says to me: 'I'll stop no more for them fellows. They are doing it on purpose to hinder us, so that we can get caught.' Then he pulled her wide open, and we swung along, the fires roaring and the whistle doing its level best.

"Gridley kept looking out ahead and muttering. 'There's more of em,' said he without turning to look at me. 'There's more than I can count. Women too. They're lying every one right straight across the track. There! I felt her jump when she struck that fellow! Come here, Harry, and take this lever for a minute while I take a drink. This here slaughter is more than I can stand.'

"I told Gridley to take his drink and make sure that it was a big one, for I saw that he had got the triangles pretty bad and hoped that whisky might pull him through till we should get quit of the Southern road. It didn't do him any good, however, unless it was to make him more reckless than he was before. He insisted on my shoveling all the coal into the furnace that she would burn, and before long we were going a good 60 miles or more.

"Now, just before we got to the place where the two roads run parallel there was a siding that had been built to reach a gravel pit. The siding began at a little station called Pekin, and was, as I should judge, about two miles long. The Montana Southern folks had taken the alarm by this time, and a dispatch had gone to every station on the road warning them that a runaway locomotive was coming and telling them to stop her the best way they could. The station master at Pekin got this order just before we hove in sight, and he thought of the old siding. He got to work and turned the rusty old switch that had been spiked down, and when he came along we shot on to the side track, and away we went for the gravel pit.

"The track was mighty rough, and I begged Gridley to slow her down, for I thought every minute that we should be off the track. But he would not listen to me. That there massacre of the tramps that he thought he had made excited him more and more, and now he had taken to singing and shouting at the top of his lungs. The Fanny was swaying from side to side and jumping almost clear of the rails when she struck a particularly rough place, and I don't mind saying that I just went to saying my prayers with every inch of pressure I could put on 'em.

"It had been a cloudy night, but as I was praying for all I was worth the moon came out, and I saw that just ahead of us the track came to an end, and there was a deep hollow of some sort. I made up my mind that I had had enough of that kind of railroading. Yelling to Gridley to jump, I put the brake hard on and went off into a ditch on the left hand side of the road. It was middling full of briers, but the bottom was the softest kind of mud, and I didn't sustain no mortal injury worth speaking of. Before I could pick myself up and get on my legs the engine was gone. I got down to the edge of the gravel pit as soon as I could, but there wasn't the least sign either of the Fanny or of Gridley. The bottom of the gravel pit was covered with water, but what was worse, as I afterward found out, there was a big quicksand there, which had been the reason why the gravel pit was abandoned. The Fanny Ellsler went down into that quicksand, and for aught I know she has kept sinking ever since, with Gridley's skeleton standing in the cab with his hand on the lever.

"Well, I came home and told the whole story to the superintendent, and he, knowing about the quicksand, knew there was no use in searching for the engine. So he told me to keep quiet about the thing, so as not to give the Montana Southern people any satisfaction, which accordingly I did, but after awhile the thing got to be known somehow or other, as things always will, no matter what you may do."

"Much obliged to you for the story," said I, "but you promised me a ghost story, and I don't exactly see where the ghost comes in."

"I haven't got to that yet," replied the station master. "A year afterward I was down in the neighborhood of Pekin, and as I was driving along in a buggy pretty late at night I saw an engine come flying down the old siding and plump into the gravel pit. Leastwise I saw it disappear just as it reached the jumping off place. If that wasn't the ghost of the Fanny, I'd like to know what it was. Moreover, the boys along the Southern road told me that time and time again they had seen that same engine come hustling along at 60 miles an hour and disappear into the quicksand. Now, if that wasn't a ghost what was it?"

"I won't undertake to say," said I, "only if there hadn't been another line parallel to the old siding, and if that line hadn't been in regular use by ordinary healthy trains and engines, I might feel a little more sure than I do now that you saw a ghost and not a special engine on the Montana Southern road."—W. L. Alden in St. Louis Republic.

Difficult Twins.

The mother of a family showed the ticket collector on the railway a couple of half fare tickets for her two children. The latter, after looking at her doubtfully, "How old are they?"

"They are only 6, and they are twins."

"Ah!"

Then, after a moment's pause, the man inquired, "And where were they born?"

The mother (unthinkingly)—This one was born in New York and the other in Paris.—Christian Work.

LIVE BEARS ARE HEAVY.

But a Dead and Harmless One That Weighs One Thousand Pounds Is a Monster.

I have hunted and trapped for years in the Rocky mountain and coast ranges, the home of the grizzly, just for the money that I made by it, and in all my experience I have never killed nor even seen a bear that I thought would weigh half as much as some I have read about, and I have never known any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. Nine out of every ten bears that are reported as weighing all the way from 1,000 pounds up to 2,300 pounds were killed many miles away from a pair of scales.

The largest bear I ever killed, or rather helped to kill, was when my partner and I were hunting and trapping on the Yak river in northwestern Montana, in the winter of 1889. We had had very good luck with beaver, marten and lynx and other land fur. Along toward spring we took a pack of grub and blankets on our backs and went up a creek that empties in the Yak. We intended to hunt in that locality for bear, and, as we always take the easiest way to hunt, we kill an elk, deer or any kind of game we run across for bait, then wait for the bear to come. We had lots of bait up that creek and killed some more on another creek. Then our grub was about out, and we had to go back and pack up enough to last us through the hunting. When we got through packing our grub, we began to see where there had been a bear taking the bait. A warm Chinook wind at that time did the work, for we were killing one now and then. We had traps and guns for bear, also four good dogs, so we were kept hustling taking care of the hides.

I had not been up to the farthest bait for several days. When I had time to go, D. said that he would keep me company, as he wanted to raise a cache of traps he had made in the fall when trapping for beaver. We had got almost up to the bait when I saw a bear track. It was a whale. I told D. that most likely the old boy was handy around the bait, for the tracks were fresh. When we came in sight of the bait, the bear had either heard or smelt us, for we saw that he had been eating on the bait. We put the dogs on the track and followed after them as fast as we could travel, over windfalls and through underbrush, with snowshoes. We have shoeing away into the spring in the mountains. We had not gone more than half a mile when I heard one of the dogs howl. Then I knew that the bear was our meat. We went down to where the dogs were, and there was a bear that was the grandpa of all the bears either of us had ever seen. It was a bald faced grizzly. He was fighting the dogs. He would run after one, when one of the others would bite him on his heels. It was laughable to see him. He did not know what kind of a jack pot he was in. Finally he thought it was getting too warm for his rear end, so he sat up on his haunches. That was the opportunity we were waiting for. We both turned loose with our 40.90 sharps, and the bear tumbled all in a heap. We skinned him and found where one of the bullets had broken his neck and the other his shoulder.

I had never seen such an animal before for size. I asked D. what it would weigh. That was the first bear I had ever wanted to weigh. D. said he had no idea, but we could try to pull him. We could just move him. He was lying on snow that was pretty solid. We had a stick through his gambrels, so we had a good pull at him. Both of us were over 6 feet tall and weighed over 200 pounds, so we were not very weak. We talked about the weight of the bear and thought he would probably weigh 800 pounds. His hide when stretched measured 10 feet 3 inches from tip of nose to the tail and was 8 feet 9 inches wide. When we went down in the spring, we showed the hide around, and old hunters said that it was the largest bear hide they had ever seen.

We killed 16 bears that spring, but none of them was as large by one-third as the big one. I do not believe that the big one would weigh at the very most 900 pounds, and he was very fat. I think he had not been out very long, as it was in April when he was killed. Now, my notion is that all these bears that weigh from 1,500 pounds up have been killed around a campfire. I would like to hear from any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. A person who had never seen a bear running wild would say on seeing his first that it was the biggest thing ever wrapped up in hide. The first bear I ever saw looked as big as a mountain, but after I had killed him he shrunk down to a small black one. I could pack him all around, he was so small.—Forest and Stream.

Beer Is Death to Snails.

Beer placed in dishes near flowerpots will tempt all the snails in the vicinity, and the next morning they will be found lying alongside dead.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of December.

Dec. 3—First Sunday in Advent. Portuguese Church, Oakland.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, December 8th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Dec. 2, Sunday — 1st of Advent — St. Vivian, V. M. (363.)

Dec. 3, Monday—St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies (S. J., 1552.)

Dec. 4, Tuesday — St. Peter Chrysologus, Bp. D. (450)—St. Barbara, V. M. 235.)

Dec. 5, Wednesday—St. Sabbas, Ab. (531.)

Dec. 6, Thursday—St. Nicholas, Bp. M. (324.)

Dec. 7, Friday—1st Friday—St. Ambrose, Bp. D. (Milan, 897.)

Dec. 8, Saturday—(Of Precept)—Immaculate Conception, B. V. M.

Father Ducey.

Our local papers have considered it advantageous to devote columns to the line of conduct pursued by Rev. Father Ducey with his Archbishop. It is passing strange that the disobedience of a priest to the fatherly admonitions of his bishop should be deemed of such national importance as to necessitate long telegraphic messages on the matter. If the arch-diocesan has surpassed his legitimate authority, there is easy redress. At Washington is the Apostolic Delegate, who for among other reasons is appointed to put a court of appeal within easy reach for causes ecclesiastical. The good Father is therefore ill-advised to reject this reasonable procedure, and to appeal to the press. A priest taking charge of souls knows well before undertaking this responsibility that he is bound to obey the Canon law of the Church as well as the laws of the diocese. The Bishop is the fountain of all spiritual authority and is accountable to God for good of souls in the district over which he is overseer. To him must they submit to whom authority is delegate, and under his guidance must they work. To make of Father Ducey a hero for apparently revolting, and of Archbishop Corrigan an autocrat, a destroyer of the liberty and rights of an American citizen, as is being done by some journals, is an absurdity. The very same would have to be said of every captain of a ship, of every general of an army, of every parent who in the exercise of legitimate authority insisted on the obedience of subordinates or administered salutary admonition. We respectfully remind Father Ducey of the words of the Scripture: "A man that is prudent and well instructed will not murmur when he is reproved."

In a vigorous sermon delivered on Sunday last against Archbishop Ireland's action in the last and a previous election by Bishop McQuaid of Albany, N. Y., the following well merited tribute is paid to Archbishop Corrigan: "Fortunately since the visit of the Apostolic Delegate to New York, his Excellency has learned that the Holy See has no truer son or more devoted adherent, no Bishop sounder in the faith, that needs no explanation, than the Archbishop of New York. His loyalty is of the heart and on principle, yet strange to say this clerical clique" (ecclesiastics referred to previously) "has contrived to make many believe the Archbishop of New York is antagonizing the Apostolic Delegate in the first place, and in the second his alliance with Tammany Hall. The two calumnies are persistently repeated, until the Catholics are annoyed and grieved, and the Catholics believe the charges, emanating from Catholics, must have some foundation in fact."

A correspondent writes: "Mr. Editor, I do not wish to commit you nor your excellent and instruetive newspaper to my opinions. I ask only a trespass on your space to be allowed as a convert of long years standing to give my emphatic approval of the ideas of a writer in the Etudes of Paris who has made a careful study of the late Parliament of Religions in Chicago. He expresses the opinion that it did harm rather than good, and that indifferentism was the only gainer by that polytheistic symposium. He admits that under certain aspects the so-called Parliament was a triumph for Christianity, although its cause was ill-served by many of its non-Catholic defenders. The general result is bad, as many persons predicted. Deism and atheism have since made distinctive advances; and the error so widely spread, that one religion is as good as another is rendered more plausible to many minds. The Parliament of Religions was a grand opportunity to illustrate in an age of religious error the intolerance of religious truth. Had not the Church been represented in it, the attention of the whole world might now be directed to her more than ever." The Ave Maria publishes this. As you are aware the Etudes is conducted by the Jesuits, and has great weight.

A more beautiful example of Catholic faith and heroism than that shown in the late fires in Minnesota is rarely recorded. Tell it readers to your children. "It appears," says the Ave Maria, "that Engineer Root and Fireman McGowan, the brave men who saved three hundred lives at Hinckley, are Catholics. During the fire the heat was so intense that they had to throw water on each other to escape roasting. Believing that their last hour had come, they knelt together in their engine, sent up a fervent prayer to Heaven, and invoked the intercession of the Blessed Virgin,—the one holding his beads, the other his Scapular. Then, with strong hearts, they pulled open the throttle and flew through the flames, through blinding smoke and falling branches, over melting tracks, until their precious cargo of human life was deposited in a place of safety."

Nothing is easier than to be contaminated by the ideas and ways of the little world in which we live. If the world smiles on us, and seeks our co-operation in good works, the more are we prone to attenuate our belief and take standards of the world for our line of action. In the present unhealthy excitement about woman's progress, it is well to be reminded that the model of true womanhood to the end of time is Mary the Mother of God. On her every true Catholic girl ought to mould her life. The excellent and opportune article from the pen of Cardinal Gibbons to appear in the December number of the Catholic Home Journal of Chicago should be carfully read and digested.

Fifty-four martyrs who were put to death between 1535 and 1583 under Henry VIII and Elizabeth for the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff and for the Catholic Faith have been by His Holiness Leo XIII beatified. The Holy Father has authorized the introduction of the cause of Beatification, or Declaration of Martyrdom, of two hundred and sixty-one others who for the same cause suffered death in England from 1535 to 1681.

The Branch Theory.

(*Continued from first page,*)

to St. Damasus, the Pope(366–384) he says: Since the East tears into pieces the Lord's coat . . . therefore by me is the chair of Peter to be consulted, and that faith which is prized by the apostle's mouth. . . . Though your greatness terrifiesme, yet your kindness invites me. . . . I, who follow none as my chief but Christ, am associated in communion with thy blessedness that with the See of Peter. On the rock the Church is built. Whoso shall eat the Lamb outside that House is profane . . . Whoso gathereth not with thee scattereth; that is he who is not of Christ is of anti-Christ."

"The great Clerk and godly preacher St. John Chrysostom," mentioned by Bishop Nichols, is of the same mind as St. Jerome. When patriarch of Constantinople, Chrysostom persecuted by the violent and intrigning patriarch Theopeilus of Alexandria, and deposed by him, appealed to the Pope of Rome, Innocent I, demanding his Supreme action. And while the same Chrysostom was priest and preacher at Antioch, he wrote; "And as I have named Peter, I am reminded of another Peter (Flavian Bishop of Antioch) our common father and teacher, who has both inherited Peter's virtue and his Chair. Upa, for this is one privilege of this our city that it had at first as teacher, the Leader of the Apostles. For it was befitting that the city, which before the rest of the world was crowned with the Christian name, should receive as shepherd the First of the Apostles. But after having had him as our teacher, we did not retain him, but surrendered him to regal Rome." S. Cyril, bishop of 'the church which was at Jerusalem' about 347, leaves a catechetical lecture on 'the Catholic Church.' No sanction for the Branch Theory is found therein. "While," says he, "kings of particular nations have bounds set to their dominions, the Holy Catholic Church alone extends her illimitable sovereignty over the whole world." And in the same discourse he advises those "sojourning in any city to inquire not simply where the Lord's House is, or merely where the Church is, but where is the Catholic Church;" and he gives as reason, the Sects profanely assume the two first. This reminds us of S. Augustine's statement made some fifty years later: "Though all heretics would gladly call themselves Catholics, yet to the inquiry of the stranger, where is the meeting of the Catholic Church held, no heretic would dare to point out his own basilica or house." Tried in San Francisco, it requires but little prophetic spirit to say, the stranger would not be directed either to the conventicles of the Protestant Episcopalians, or of the Orthordox Russians.

A little consideration will show that Bishop Nichols is wrong in saying "the Oriental Church is the oldest Church fn Christendom." The Church was fashioned by Christ into an Organic Body, it received its living soul on Pentecost Day. Its birthplace was Jerusalem. It grew and waxed strong in the Orient and at first had its central and supreme power seated at Antioch, afterwards at Rome in the person of the same Apostle, St. Peter. In its growth it threw off schismatical and heretical excresences, but ever preserving its quasi-personality. Separation of its organs was impossible. There was no possibility of a Branch Theory; nor was such heard of, till the days of Archbishop Laud under the reign of the English Stuart Kings. The words of the Divine Master have their striking realization till our own day: "And, lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

T. J. CAPEL.

A LONE STAR WEDDING.

The Bride's Father Furnished Music by Shooting at the Groom.

All the old residents of Montague county, Tex., remember Uncle Henry Harris, the preacher ferryman of Red River during the latter part of the eighties. There have been many greater men in this part of the state and many more intellectual ones, but there have been few who were so universally loved or who were so widely mourned for after their death. Uncle Henry was a one legged man, and the wooden stump which supplied the place of his missing member was a very primitive affair. It was joined to the stump of his leg by a strap, which could be removed in a few moments.

Calvin Dubbs, a half breed Chootaw Indian, courted his daughter, May Harris. Uncle Henry was opposed to the suit of Dubbs because of his ungodliness and bad character. His daughter did not share in these objections.

One afternoon Calvin Dubbs rode up to the ferry, and, as the river was high, asked to be ferried over. The old man and Tobe started to take him across, but no sooner did they reach the middle of the river when their passenger whipped out a bowie knife and in a few passes severed the longer of the two ropes that bound them to the trolley. The boat immediately swung around in the current and remained stationary in midriver.

"What's that?" cried Uncle Henry in alarm. "Don't you know we can't get across now?"

"Don't know about you. I kin make it all right myself."

Calvin sprang to the saddle, urged his pony over the side of the boat into the water and struck out for shore. The two captives on the boat watched him helplessly until he gained the shore they had just left. As he did so May came out of the cabin, arrayed in her Sunday best, and two men on horseback rode out from their concealment back of the bluff. The object of the strategem gradually dawned on the old man's mind.

"There's goin to be a weddin," yelled Calvin from the bank. "We'll let you attend as a witness."

"Whar's yore license?" shrieked the father, "and whar's yore preacher?"

"Here's the license," yelled Dubbs, waving a legal looking document. "Can you read it from there? And this man here's the preacher."

The couple took their places, and the alleged preacher began the ceremony. Uncle Henry began pleading and expostulating, but all in vain. Suddenly he grabbed the winchester he carried in the bottom of his boat and drew a bead on his prospective son-in-law.

"Stop that tom foolishness, or I'll shoot."

"Shoot and be d——d!" yelled Calvin. "Go on, parson!" This latter remark was addressed to the preacher on shore. Whatever might be said against Calvin's morals nobody ever doubted his nerve.

"Crack!" sounded the winchester from the boat, and with a thud a bullet buried itself in the horn of the bridegroom's saddle. Calvin made a quick motion toward his own gun, but May caught his arm.

"Don't!" she cried. "Pa won't hurt you. If he'd wanted to, he'd bored you the first crack."

The ceremony was a brief one, but every few moments Uncle Henry would blaze away, just close enough to the bridegroom to be unpleasant. When it was all over, the party rode away, with many tantalizing adieus to the captives on the boat.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Cecicilian Concert at Notre Dame College.

THE FAIR AT ALAMEDA.

Close of a Successful Mission at Stockton and Sodalities Organized.

San Jose.

In accordance with the annual custom of the College of Notre Dame, the feast of St. Cecelia was celebrated on Thnrsday night of last week. Some two or three hundred guests were present, who thoroughly enjoyed the excellent program presented. The guests were received by the Sisters in the reception-room of the college, while the children were being arranged in their places in the main college hall. The hall was beautifully decorated with foliage plants, and the effect on platform was to form the appearance of a comfortable and handsomely furnished drawing-room, tastefully arranged for a family party, and not for dramatic effect.

The concert was in every way an unqualified success. The first number on the program was the "Hymn to St Cecelia," rendered by the vocal classes. The accompaniment was played by Miss A. Esquival, and the solos were sung by Misses M. Tassel, F. McKinnon, G. Newhall and A. Murphy. The second number was a duet by four young ladies on two pianos, and was performed by the Misses L. Beattie, L. Breman, A. Murphy and B. Sachy.

Miss G. Yoell read an original poem on music, which was charmingly delivered. The guitars, mandolins and pianos were next heard in Mendelssohn's "Fruhling's Leid." The mandolins were played by the Misses H. A. Aguayo and L. Schroeder: the guitars by Misses M. Wilcox and E. Schammel, and the piano by Miss Ida Bremen. Miss F. McKinnon sang "Bright Eyes" with great feeling, to the accompaniment of Miss G. Yoell.

Miss W. McLaughlin on the harp, Miss M. Wilcox on the piano, and Miss S. Eaton on the violin, next played a a cavatina from Bellini, which was warmly applauded. The next features were a pianoforte solo by Miss M. Wilcox, and a vocal solo by Miss A. Esquival. The "Carnival of Venice" was rendered by Miss H. Wilcox, and the "Miserere" by Miss E. Esquival, after which came one of the most interesting features of the evening.

It was entitled "Astronomy and Other Onomies," and was sung by about twenty young ladies of the vocal classes. Miss M. Wilcox was the accompanist. All the fads of the day were depicted in graceful actions in accordance with the words of the song. The young ladies were dressed in yellow and black, and made a very striking appearance.

Following came several more musical selections, one feature being a selection of melodies played by Miss Tisdale on the "Janko key-board." Miss Tisdale explained what it was, and illustrated her lecture by several selections. Then in response to a general request Father Mahoney made a few remarks in a thoroughly amusing strain.

After explaining that the Sisters were too modest to speak for themselves, the Rev. Father took occasion to commend the excellent work of the Sisters of Notre Dame, a sentiment of which the audience showed cordial approval. He took occasion to disclaim the imputation that had been made against the Church of Rome that it was opposed to literature, art, science or progress. On the contrary the church was the friend of all, and was only opposed to misdirection in any branch of science or learning, These he regarded as the great ladder that God has raised to lift mankind up to heaven. That the good Sisters were not opposed to progress was shown by their enterprise in importing the Janko piano which would save little hands and arms many a weary ache. At one time like Henry Labouchere, the editor of London Truth, he had thought of starting a crusade against piano playing for the mischief it often occasioned. With the Janko piano he was now content to let things be. He paid a warm tribute of praise to Sister Mary Bernardine, Sister Anna Raphael, Sister Marguerite and the Sisters generally, and said he could tell a young lady who had had the privileges of education by the ladies of the Sisterhood of Notre Dame any where by the refinement of her manners and feeling. He wished that everybody in the State of California knew what advantages were obtainable for young ladies in the College of Notre Dame of San Jose.

Alameda.

St. Joseph's hall has been turned into a bower of beauty in anticipation of the opening of the doors for the fair, which is to be held for the benefit of the new church. All through the week the ladies haxe been actively at work, and to-night expect a large influx of people to praise their work and encourage them by a generoue reponse to their requests.

Col. J. J. Tobin will deliver the opening address, a guarantee in itself that the price of admission will be well repaid. Then there is music and recitations, a short but interesting program, after which the ladies in charge of the various booths will claim the attention of the visitors. In fact there will be everything on hand to make visitors forget that times are said to be hard, and bid him spend his last cent. Even the railroad company has agreed to assist by not putting gates on the local trains until the fair is over, so that no one can have an excuse for staying away.

The ladies who will have charge of the booths and tables are as follows:

Pioneer booth—Mesdames Hunter, Rossiter, Barry, Cashman, Coleman, Halton, Pitts, Lewis and assistants.

Ladies' Aid Society Booth—Misses Kearney, Rupert, Jollymour, Weir; Mesdames Rupert, Winters, Quill, McStay, McCabe and assistants.

Children of Mary booth—Misses Rich, Schumacher, Jansen, Coughlin, Parker, O'Brien, Sousa, Hawkins and assistants.

Sunday School booth—Mrs. O'Neil, Mrs. Hardiman, Misses McKee, Pettes, Roach, Lawrence, Marshall, Halton, Keegan, Coleman and assistants.

Ice cream booth—Mrs. Col. Tobin, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Quinchard, Miss M. Kane and assistants.

Candy booth—Misses Smith, Robinson and O'Neil.

Lemonade stand—Misses Coughlin, Scholten and Britt.

Fish pond and grab bag- Miss Rogers and assistants.

Seda fountain—Miss K. Hickett, Miss E. Burns.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock there will be a matinee for the children, at wnich a special program will be presented. Every evening during the week some special feature will be on the stage, in addition to the diverti sements at the various booths, so that something fresh will claim the attention of the visitors every night.

Oakland.

In a few days the committee appointed to receive subscriptions for rebuilding St. Mary's College will meet. The money is not coming in very rapidly, and now that the campaign is over it is hoped tnat the response will be more liberal.

The Catholic Ladies' Aid Society will give their annual donation party in California hall on Clay street on next Tuesday evening. It is to be hoped the donations will be large, as the object is worthy. The members of Branch No. 1 return sincere thanks to the young people of East Oakland for their kindness in giving the proceeds of their entertainment to them.

Los Gatos.

Week-day mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception will hereafter, through the winter months, be celebrated at 7 A. M. instead of 6:30 A. M. as heretofore, and on Sunday mornings at 7:30 o'clock instead of at 7 o'clock. The new statue of the Sacred Heart was put in place last week.

Stockton.

The missiou given by Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, S. J. during the past two weeks was very successful, large crowds being attracted to all the services. During the first week the exercises were for women, and the church was crowded to its utmost capacity every night, and many were at the first mass at 5.30 in the morning. The sermons preached by the Fathers were very instructive and profound attention was paid to all of them. The Fathars instructed the unmarried ladies in regard to their duty as good Catholics and exhorted them to always look for a good Catholic man for a husband as by so doing they would save their souls and live a good christian life.

The second week of the mission was if anything, better attended than the first. The early mass was much better attended as the people began to realize the importance of the good work of the Fathers. The number of people who received Communion was very large all through, and the Fathers were much pleased with the results. During the second week, many ladies, among whom were a number of Protestants, were present. The mission closed on Sunday evening with a sermon and Papal benediction.

There were services Sunday afternoon for all young ladies of the parish for the purpose of giving them words of advice and forming a branch of the ladies' sodality. After the benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament in the evening a men's sodality was formed with a large membership. The ladies' sodality was largely joined. Both these sodalities were long wanted in this parish, as none existed other than the boys' and girls' sodalities. From here the Fathers go to Atlanta and Tracy to hold short missions at both places.

Here and There.

The pupils of the Holy Rosary Academy at Woodland gave a very interesting entertainment last Friday afternoon. There was a large attendance.

This afternoon at Central Park. the football team from St. Mary's College will meet the team from Napa in a friendly game.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery lecured at Santa Barbara on the evening of the 20th ult. to a large and appreciative audience.

ASPHYXIATED.

Rev. James O'Connor Found Dead in Bed.

At an early hour on Sunday morning Rev. James O'Connor, who was in charge of St. Francis parish during the absence of Rev. Father Conlan, the pastor, was found dead in his bed. Father O'Connor had retired as usual the previous night, and had evidently turned the gas fixture in such a way that the gas escaped from it during the night, When the sexton went to call him on Sunday morning he detected the odor of escaping gas, and effected an entrance into the priest's room. Medical aid was at once summoned, but all Dr. Gallwey's skill was of no avail, as the priest had been dead at least two hours. Everything in his room was in perfect order, just as if he expected to be called during the night.

Rev. Father O'Connor was widely known in this city, where he has been stationed for eighteen years. He began his priestly duties here, and was 41 years of age at the time of his death. He was a man of bright intellect and jovial disposition, but his health was not robust.

He was born in the diocese of Cloyne, near Queenstown, in Ireland. He was educated at All Hallows, Dublin, and at St. Sulpice in France. At the last-named college he took the degree of bachelor of divinity. His first important mission in this city was at St. Francis' church, and later he served at St. John's, on Eddy street, St. Bridget's, old St. Mary's and other churches.

On Sunday afternoon his body was dressed in purple vestments, and was laid in state until Tuesday morning, when a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated at St. Francis' church, at 10 o'clock in the presence of an immense congregation.

Rev. Father C. O'Connor of Ukiah was the celebrant, with the following assistant officers of the mass: Deacon, Rev. Father McGinty; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Griffin; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Larkin; preacher, Rev. Father Peter C. Yorke. The music of the mass was sung by the complete choir of St. Francis church.

Rev. Father York paid an eloquent tribute to his deceased fellow-worker.

The interment was at Calvary cemetery, where Father O'Connor, the celebrant of the mass, read the last prayers. The pall-bearers were Fathers Melvin, Scanlon, Leahy, Griffin, O'Connor and Corcoran. The only relatives of the dead priest in this country. Mrs. M. Buckley, of Napa, and Miss Carrie Buckley were present at the funeral.

R. I. P.

The Catholic Knights.

The biennial state convention of the C. K. of A. was held in Sacramento last week. The local branch had done all in their power to make the visit of the delegates a pleasant one. The meetings were held in the lecture hall of the Cathedral, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. All the State officers were present. Various committees were appointed to receive reports and act on routine matters. It was shown by reports that the order has a membership of 480 in this State.

The session was brought to a close by a grand banquet at the Maison Faure on Saturday night. The newly elected officers were present as follows:

State President, J. A. Brophy, Oakland; State Vice-President, P. J. Carr, San Francisco; State Secretary, A. J. McMahon, San Francisco; Treasurer Henry Weber, Oakland; Supreme Delegate, W. F. Cromley, Sacramento; Prospective Delegate, Major H. Sweeney, San Diego.

W. F. Gromley acted as toastmaster and there was a patriolic ring to every address. The health of Bishop Manogue was first proposed.

His Lordship was unavoidably absent, but Rev. J. A. Lally paid him a glowing tribute. Mayor B. U. Steinman responded to the toast of "The City of Sacramento" in a felicitious strain. Rev. L. Serda, of State Spiritual Director, responded to the toast, "Our Holy Mother, the Church," with patriotic utterances, which won for him round after round of applause.

The editor of the Bee responded to the "Press" in the same pithy manner that has won him fame over the State. A. J. McMahon, of this city, the State Secretary, spoke to "The State of the Order" in a forcible and patriotc speech. County Recorder-elect, R. T. Cohn, was heard to great advantage in a number of songs.

The next State convention will be held in this city.

THE MAN OF GALILEE.

A Work which every one of Our Readers Should Obtain.

By an arrangement consumated last week with the Examiner, we are enabled to place in the hands of our readers, on the same terms as that paper offers, the wonderful work which is now attracting so much attention, entitled, "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee." This magnificent work, which will be issued in 24 parts, is offered by the Examiner, to its subscribers and subscribers of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC on the same terms,—10 cents a number and one coupon.

On the eighth page of this paper will be found a coupon, which will entitle subscribers of this paper to the first number, the only one yet out, on sending or bringing it and 10 cents to the Examiner business office, 756 Market street, where the stock of books is kept. This magnificent work, pictures as it is to-day, after the lapse of 1,900 years, the land where our Savior lived and died. It is embellished with a descriptive text, and has received the highest enconiums in all quarters.

At this time of year, when we are about to celebrate the joyous anniversary of His birth, this work comes most appropriately and opportunely. If our readers desire something choice, the opportunity is now offered them to procure this wonderful work. Remember that coupons clipped from this paper are accepted when accompanied by one dime at the Examiner's business office. Not one of our readers should miss the opportunity.

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Scotch Terms and Customs.

Everybody knows that the word mac (pronounced in Gaelic machk) means son, so that, for example, MacDonald literally means the son of Donald. But it is not generally known that when a woman is spoken of the highlanders substitute for mac the feminine nich, which means daughter; that the vocative of mac is vichk (we spell phonetically), which always replaces mac when a person is addressed, and that the nominative plural is michk (sons) or claun (children). Sir Walter Scott's ignorance of Gaelic frequently led him into error upon these points, both in his poetry and in his novels.

The meaning of the Gaelic word clan, as just stated, is children, and the obedience which clansmen owed to their chief was considered by them rather as the affectionate obedience due by children to a father than as that due by subjects to a ruler. They believed themselves to be all blood relations descended from a common ancestor, of which their chief was the living representative. The clansman who hesitated to save his chief's life at the expense of his own was regarded as a coward who fled from his father's side in the hour of peril. On the other hand, the chief was expected at all times to acknowledge the meanest of his clan as his relation and to shake hands with him wherever they might happen to meet. Subordinate to the chief and generally related to him were the chieftains and tacksmen.—London Spectator.

THE FALSE MUSCLE INDUSTRY.

Shapely Calves Made to Order For Bicyclists In Welsh Factories.

There is one department of industry which, by the general admission of those engaged in it, is exempt from the stagnation which so largely prevails. Indeed it is in a remarkably flourishing state, and the men and women employed at it are kept busy from morning to night. It is that which deals with the supply of artificial sinews and muscles in order to give to limbs the plumpness and symmetry which nature has denied. The great demand at the present time is for well shaped calves for the legs, and for some time the purveyors of these embellishments could not make out why so many of them were wanted, because the requirements of the ladies of the ballet and burlesque actresses are pretty much the same all the year round, and there was nothing going on to occasion an unusual request for the articles.

But they have now found out the reason. They are required by lady cyclists who wear knickerbockers, and who, naturally enough, desire to exhibit to mankind the limbs which are not covered by these bulky garments in as shapely and attractive a form as possible. The stuffing required for this purpose must be of the best kind, and it is also necessary that the mold should be well fitting; otherwise the lady cyclist would become a kind of scarecrow on wheels instead of a thing of beauty. The articles, therefore, cost more than the ordinary calves, and it may accordingly be said that the latest fashion among women not only encourages cycle making, but also aids the artistic upholstery of the human figure in the highest form.—Cardiff (Wales) Mail.

SHE RIVALS BELLE STAR.

Queen Dolly Rules the Cook Outlaws and Holds Up Unwary Wayfarers.

Dolly, queen of the Cook gang of outlaws, attracts more attention here than any person in the state. Her word is law to the Cooks. She accompanies them on their pillaging expeditions and is said to be a handsome, dashing young woman, who possesses courage unlimited and whose daredevil recklessness exceeds that of the once noted Belle Starr. She wears a six shooter and a big bowie knife and carries a winchester. With a gun she is a dead shot and is cool and collected in time of danger.

The gang was camped not far from Salisaw, two stations west of Muldrew, not long ago, when she went into town, accompanied by two of the boys as far as the outskirts. Attired in short dress, close fitting jacket and felt hat, she boldly walked into the postoffice and inquired for mail, after which she visited several stores, where she did some trading, carrying a six shooter all the while. Near the edge of town she held up three men, taking from one a gold watch and from the others a small sum of money, then coolly walked up the railroad track, where she was joined by the outlaws.

Dolly is but 22 years old. Her true name is unknown, and she guards the secret of her identity well.—Fort Smith (Ark.) Dispatch.

The habit of turning around three or four times before lying down has survived in the domestic dog from his savage ancestry. It then served to break down the tall grass and make a bed.

The Spaniards called Key West Cayo Huesco, or Bone islands, some say from their coral origin.

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A SERVICE OF SONG NO HEARER CAN EVER FORGET.

An Important Part of the Greek Church of Russia—The Baying, Bull-like Voices of Monks Intoning Prayers For the Czar, A Magnificent Tomb.

The chant of the priests' voices was the most striking thing that I encountered in my travels in Russia a year ago. Never in any place have I heard music at all like it. More like the cry of some great animal or the moaning of a musical wind it seemed than human tones. Deep, strong, roaring, yet soft and melodious, it haunted me as no music had ever done. This intoning, which forms so important a part of the Greek church in Russia, is performed by men who are chosen especially for the tremendous depth of their voices, to be used in intoning alone, not singing. Trained and cultivated into still greater strength and depth, there is in the whole wide world no human sound like it.

There are only certain parts of the service that are thus intoned, such as "Halleluiah," "Lord have mercy," "Lord, we pray thee," "Grant this, O God," but above all, "Save long, O God, the life of the czar!" Over and over again are these words moaned, sighed and roared, like a varying wind, through the arches and galleries of the splendid churches of the most splendid country of the world.

There is a priest in the Church of St. Saveur in Moscow who was pardoned and brought back from Siberia solely because of the extraordinary depth of the tones of his voice.

These great baying, bull-like voices bring to their owners, it is said, a very good income. The last part of the service is always the loudest, and the last words, in a tremendous final roar, are always the petition to save long from death the czar. Unlike the Latin service of the Roman Catholic church, the common people of Russia can understand much of the service of their church, as a part of it is in modern Russian and the rest in old Slavonic. Thus that cry which rings through the churches to save the life of the czar is understood and felt by the humblest subject in Russia.

Although this intoning can be heard everywhere in the churches throughout Russia, the best example of it is perhaps in the famous Alexander Nevsky monastery in St. Petersburg. At 4 o'clock every afternoon the priests' chant can be heard there, and no traveler should miss this extraordinary spectacle. In the winter, when the higher classes are in town, there are long lines of elegant conveyances at the door, that have brought the fashionable Russian devotees to hear the monks chant. But at all times of the year it is a resort not only for Russians, but for the strangers from the hotels. The monastery is at the end of the fashionable Nevsky Prospekt, the Fifth avenue of St. Petersburg. In the green inclosure there are many buildings connected with the monastery, but it was to the chapel where the monks chant the evening service that we first directed our steps one afternoon late in June. Far back in the dimness, in a chancel behind two altars, was a collection of large, brawny men. Their long black robes, high black velvet caps and long flowing veils, all of black, magnified their height and their imposing appearance. Their beards were long, and heavy locks of hair hung like thick manes on their shoulders.

They were already chanting, when we entered, in those peculiar organlike tones which I found the most impressive thing in Russia. How that strange volume of sound moaned and rose and fell throughout the structure! How it wailed in our ears, like a mighty wind, and always, whether loud or soft, in the saddest, sweetest melody! There were half recitative solos, chanted first by one voice and taken up by the others. "Lord have mercy!" "Lord grant it!" they wailed and moaned until it seemed as if the sound would never again leave my ears.

After a time it ceased, and then the procession of towering black robed monks came out into the body of the chapel, leaving but little room for us as we crowded ourselves against the wall. Placing themselves with their backs toward us and their faces toward the altar in a semicircle, they began again their chant, in a different and much louder refrain, "God save long the life of the emperor!" Never shall I forget that semicircle of black monumental figures nor the waves of sound that still vibrated on the air after their voices had ceased.

We turned away and walked across the green courtyard, where many rich Russians are buried. All Russians esteem it a sacred privilege to be buried in the soil surrounding a monastery, and among those who lie here is the novelist Turgeneff. We traversed numerous cloisters, with now and then the tall, black veiled monks passing us, until we reached the chapel of Alexander Nevsky, the czar monk who lies buried here—buried in such a tomb as no other man ever had, for it is of solid silver, weighing 3,250 pounds. Not only the sarcophagus but the altar near which it stands and also the rails which surround it are of solid silver. A likeness of the great czar, who was also a monk, lies on top under a sheet of solid gold. Diamonds and rubies gleam in the sconces that hang here and there, and the key of Adrianople, framed in jewels, hangs near the silver tomb. Strange mingling of austerity with splendor is this wonderful chapel! In this same monastery are the famous coffers of jewels and gold and gems untold that were brought from Persia on camels' backs during the reign of Alexander Nevsky.—Cor. New York Sun.

THE ELECTION RETURNS.

They Make the Busiest Night of the Year In a Newspaper Office.

There is one night in every year in every great newspaper office when work is done that is the least understood of all that goes on in the making of a daily paper, one night when the highest state of fever attends the excitement and strain of the most intense work that falls to the lot of any men, except soldiers in war. That is election night. That is the night when a few men sit down at 6 o'clock before virgin sheets of paper, with the knowledge that before 2 o'clock the next morning they must cover those sheets with the election returns of a nation, digesting mountains of figures and apprising the public of the results in the most condensed forms, weeks in advance of the official announcements, as sparks might be counted while they fly from the shapeless iron on a blacksmith's anvil. And these calculations must stand the test of comparison with those which the rival newspapers, working without collaboration, as eager competitors, will publish at the same moment.

The election figures come in driblets and atoms and must be put together as the Florentines make their mosaics. Some of it, we shall see, is plucked from the very air—as a magician seems to collect coins in a borrowed hat—begotten of reasoning, but put down beside the genuine returns with equal confidence and almost accuracy.

Ah, but that is a work to try cool heads and strong nerves. I am quite certain no other men in the world include such a night of tension and excitement, periodically, as a fixed part of a workaday existence. No other men, regularly once a year, feel themselves so truly in the focus of an intense public interest, manifesting itself in so many ways.—Scribner's.

WEIGH WITH THEIR EYES.

Expert Dealers In Live Stock Do Not Often Use Scales.

The dealers in live stock who buy and sell the thousands of cattle, hogs and sheep which are daily handled at the Bourbon stockyards must be expert in guessing the weight of a live animal at a glance. In conversation with a well known stockman a few days ago he explained why this is necessary:

"It would be impossible to weigh the cattle in many cases because of the immense labor involved and the length of time it would take, while the market price, which is subject to constant fluctuations, might easily vary from its highest to its lowest limit while we were weighing the animals in one of our big scales. For instance, today, which has been the biggest day of the year thus far, there have been received at the Bourbon yards over 2,400 head of cattle and about 6,000 hogs. Suppose we had to drive all of those upon the scales to ascertain their weight? There are dozens of old stock men who can inspect a herd of animals and form an estimate of their average weight which will be readily accepted by purchasers as the basis of a trade.

"In a test case which was made some time since a man who has had a lifelong experience in buying and selling a herd of cattle, after inspecting a herd of 500 animals, guessed their average weight within one-third of a pound of the actual figure ascertained by weighing the cattle individually. The feat was accomplished by Mr. Ben D. Offutt of this county and is not so extraordinary as it appears, because similar instances of expert 'guessing' occur here every day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For a Sweet Breath.

Don't expect to have clean teeth or a sweet breath while there is a tinge of white on the tongue. It is an unmistakable evidence of indigestion. Drink sour lemonade, eat ripe fruit and green vegetables for purgatives, exercise freely, use plenty of water internally and externally, and keep up the treatment until the mouth is clean, healthy and red. Various things are suggested to counteract an unpleasant breath resulting from a bad tooth, wine or garlic scented dishes. Cinnamon, mint, creams, orris root, cloves, mastic rosin and spruce gum will disguise some odors. Ten drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of water will sweeten and refresh the mouth. A teaspoonful of spirits of camphor or peppermint in the same gargle is among the very best antiseptics, and a few drops of myrrh and camphor in the water are recommended in case of cold, throat trouble or any slight indisposition which may affect the breath.—Philadelphia Times.

The Parson's Rebuke.

A mean man invited the village preacher to dine with him, but placed before the preacher only a dish of greens and corn bread.

"Will you say grace, parson?" asked the host.

"I will," replied the parson. "Lord, make us thankful for greens and corn bread, and put it into the heart of our brother to raise hogs next year!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Made Bold by His Brush.

Detaille, the French painter whose studies are all of military life, looks every inch a soldier. He is tall, slender and has a martial air. Detaille knows absolutely nothing of the life of a soldier except what he has read. At the age of 20 he was rather timid, but his character began to change as soon as he devoted his brush to military subjects.

The name of Lake Ontario was first noted as Skanodairo (beautiful lake). It was also, at various times and by different men, denominated Lac de Frontenac, Lac de Iroquois, and Lac de St. Louis. The Mohawks called it Caindaracqui.

Papa was carefully studying the family history in the big Bible when his 9-year-old daughter surprised him by saying, "Papa, was Aunt Ann one of your Ann-sisters?"

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Radical Changes That Have Taken Place In England.

Marriage customs have changed everywhere with the advance of civilization. Anglo-Saxons in ancient times, it is said, used to capture their wives by force from their fathers or their husbands, it did not matter which.

This was before Augustine came to preach Christianity. Then purchase was more common than capture, although the latter seems to have been frequent enough to the reign of Ethelbert to need regulation by law. By this law a man might run away with a woman, provided he afterward paid her previous owner, be he father or husband, 50 shillings. If it was husband who had thus been deprived of his wife, the woman's captor had not only to pay him the fine, but also to buy him another wife. In any case the stolen woman belonged to her captor.

If a man had purchased his bride in the days of Ethelbert and afterward concluded he had paid too much for her, it was lawful for him to return her to her former owner and claim again the purchase price, provided that he had not previously expressed satisfaction by making the bride a present on the morning after the wedding.

The next step was the "foster lien," when the bride price was paid on the day of espousal and was supposed to compensate the parent for the cost of bringing up his daughter. It seems, however, that this soon fell into disrepute, as there was no law against the father's engaging his daughter to numerous suitors, taking from each the "foster lien," and, of course, cheating all but one on the wedding day, which, at that time, was only the day of betrothal, when the suitor gave a "wed" or pledge for the future performance of his contract. If the suitor did not claim his bride within two years after the wedding day, he forfeited all right to her and to whatever money or goods he had paid for her. If the woman or her father broke their promises, the father had to give the suitor four times as much as the suitor had already paid him.

As civilization advanced the bride price was given to the woman herself and became her dowry, while nowadays the tables are frequently turned, and the bride settles the money on her husband.—Kate Field's Washington.

THE WALRUS ON LAND.

He Is Just as Helpless as a Canalboat Would Be.

As might be expected, a walrus is about as helpless on land as a canalboat. It is with no little difficulty and much hitching and floundering that he drags his huge bulk upon a sandy shore even with the boosting he gets from behind by the breakers as they roll in and dash against him. His hind flippers are of little use on land, and on sand or pebbles, where his front flippers do not hold well, the labor of floundering forward is so great that he never stirs beyond the edge of the water and usually lies with his body half awash, with the salt spray dashing over him like torrents of rain. On solid rock or ice he gets along much better, and often a herd will spread several rods back from the water's edge.

The females and younger walruses have far less development of neck to encumber them and therefore enjoy more freedom of motion than the old males, who actually seem a great burden to themselves. These creatures are strictly social in their habits and always go in herds, whether traveling, feeding, fighting or resting ashore. In the days before the slaughter of all living creatures became a ruling passion in the breast of man the Pacific species inhabited the whole of Bering sea and straits in herds which often contained thousands and even tens of thousands of individuals.—St. Nicholas.

Themistocles.

Themistocles, the hero of Salamis, was sent into banishment by the practice of ostracism. This was a purely Athenian device to prevent any citizen becoming too great. When any man acquired such prominence as to be unsafe to the state, a number of citizens demanded a vote, which was taken by writing on shells the name of the too prominent citizen. If a majority voted against him, he was sent into exile, not because he had done anything, but for fear he might do something. He staid away from five to ten years, then returned and resumed his standing as a citizen without loss of property or reputation. Themistocles was ostracized and went into exile, where he was soon accused of treasonable correspondence with the Persians. He was about to be arrested, but fled to Persia. He gained great influence at the Persian court and projected an invasion of Greece, but died, it is supposed by poison, before his plans could be realized.—Exchange.

When They Meet and Part.

An Englishman salutes his friend with: "How do you do? Goodby. Farewell." Similarly the Dutchman, "Vaar wel," and the Swede, "Farvel." A Frenchman says: "Bonjour! Au plaisir!"—i. e., "de vous revoir." An Italian, "Buon giorno! Addio! A rivederci!" A Spaniard, "Buenos dias! Adios!—Hasta la vista!" (French "Au revoir!") The Turk folds his arms and bows his head toward the person whom he salutes. The common Arab says, "Salem aleikum" ("Peace be with you"). He then lays his hands on his breast in order to show that the wish proceeds from his heart.

A Moral Power.

Queen Victoria is said to have become somewhat fractious, and age is telling on her at last. Irritable as the queen may be under the pangs of rheumatism which now afflict her, no one desires to see her place filled by another. She has kept the balance of moral power in her share of Europe as no crowned head has done before her or will be likely to do after her.—Boston Herald.

DAWSON'S NARROW ESCAPE.

He Couldn't Be Expelled From a No Work Club For Obvious Reasons.

Bailey Dawson was in danger of being expelled from the Society of Christian Repose. The object of the society, as its name indicates, is to discourage endeavor of any character, and its members, who comprise such well known old residents as Colonel A. M. Babcock, A. N. Kellogg, founder of the newspaper publishing concern; Frank Parmelee of the bus line, and others, are men who think they have done their work in life and now only ask for rest. They meet at the Grand Pacific hotel and do not even talk much, preferring to sit in the easy chairs in the rotunda and look at each other.

But last week Colonel Babcock brought a serious charge against Bailey. He said he had gone to work; what is more, he had the evidence to prove it.

Things looked really badly for Bailey. The work was no harder than that involved in drawing the pay attached to a political office, but it was work, and he could not deny it. So he took refuge in technicalities. Mr. Kellogg was trying the case, and to him Bailey made this plea:

"If it pleases the court," he said, "the members of this society must not do any work of any kind?"

"They must not," replied Colonel Babcock sternly.

"They should not indulge in any kind of effort?"

"Certainly not," again interjected the colonel.

"They cannot consistently take action of any description?"

"They assuredly cannot."

"Then," said Bailey triumphantly, "I would like to know how they are going to expel a member; that means action." And President Kellogg sustained him, holding that it would be impossible constitutionally to even take a vote on the charges.—Chicago Tribune.

MONOCLES IN EUROPE.

Their Use Believed to Have Originated In the British Army.

In every capital of Europe the monocle is common enough. It attracts no attention on the street. In a row of men at the theater a considerable proportion are sure to have it. Perhaps half the officers in the German army wear monocles. They are to be seen in abundance at any meeting of the French academy. Even socialist deputies in France are not ashamed to go among their constituents wearing them. A session of the English house of commons glitters with solitary eyeglasses. The single eyeglass is said to have originated among the officers of the British army.

About the beginning of the century an order was issued that army officers should not wear eyeglasses or spectacles. It was supposed that they gave the wearers an unmilitary appearance. The order caused severe inconvenience to many short sighted officers, and one of them, belonging to a crack regiment, invented the single eyeglass. He claimed that, being an eyeglass, its use was no contravention of the order which prohibited spectacles and eyeglasses. It soon became very popular in the army and was afterward adopted. On account probably of this origin the single eyeglass is very generally worn in Europe by army officers.

It is by some thought to give an aspect of determination and ferocity to the wearer, whereas eyeglasses lend an air of feebleness.—New York World.

Lincoln's Views on Assassination.

That night as we walked back to the White House through the grounds between the war department buildings and the house I fancied that I saw in the misty moonlight a man dodging behind one of the trees. My heart for a moment stood still, but as we passed in safety I came to the conclusion that the dodging figure was a creature of the imagination. Nevertheless as I parted from the president at the door of the White House I could not help saying that I thought his going to and fro in the darkness of the night, as it was usually his custom, often alone and unattended, was dangerous recklessness.

That night, in deference to his wife's anxious appeal, he had provided himself with a thick oaken stick. He laughed as he showed me this slight weapon and said, but with some seriousness: "I long ago made up my mind that if anybody wants to kill me he will do it. If I wore a shirt of mail and kept myself surrounded by a bodyguard, it would be all the same. There are a thousand ways of getting at a man if it is desired that he should be killed. Besides in this case it seems to me the man who would come after me would be just as objectionable to my enemies—if I have any."—Noah Brooks in Century.

Lady Rosebery's Necklace.

Some years ago an old Frenchwoman died in a poor part of Dublin, and her little effects were put up for auction. Among other odds and ends was a necklace of dirty looking green stones, which did not attract much attention. However, a shrewd pair of Jews thought there might be "money in it" and decided on purchasing, clubbing together £5 for the purpose.

On taking it to a well known jeweler he promptly offered £1,500, which sum they refused, and sold the necklace of purest emeralds for £7,000 in London, where Lord Rosebery on his marriage purchased it for something like £20,000.

The old Frenchwoman's mother had been attached to the court of France, and the emeralds had once formed part of the crown jewels.—London Answers.

The Real Cause.

Tommy—What was you bawlin about last night?

Willy—W'y, when paw and me got home from fishin, maw didn't have supper ready, and I whimpered about it, and paw licked me.

"And he licked you jis' fer whimperin?"

"Naw. Because supper wasn't ready."—Cincinnati Tribune.

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THESE ALL WAIT UPON THEE.

Innocent eyes, not ours,
Are made to look on flowers;
Eyes of small birds and insects small;
Morn after summer morn
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.
The least and last of things
That soar on quivering wings
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight
As queens or kings.
—Christina G. Rossetti in New York Ledger.

THE LORD DYNAMO.

The chief attendant of the three dynamos that buzzed and rattled at Camberwell and kept the electric railway going came out of Yorkshire, and his name was James Holroyd. He was a practical electrician, but fond of whisky, a heavy, red haired brute with irregular teeth. He doubted Carnot's cycle, but accepted Dalton's atomic theory, and he had read Shakespeare and found him weak in chemistry. His helper came out of the mysterious east, and his name was Azuma-zi. But Holroyd called him Pooh-bah.

To define Azuma-zi was beyond ethnology. He was perhaps more negroid than anything else, though his hair was curly rather than frizzy, and his nose had a bridge. Moreover, his skin was brown rather than black, and the whites of his eyes were yellow. His broad cheek bones and narrow chin gave his face something of the viperine V. His head, too, was broad behind and low and narrow at the forehead, as if his brain had been twisted round in the reverse mode to a European's. He was short of stature and still shorter of English. In conversation he made numerous odd noises of no known marketable value, and his infrequent words were carved and wrought into heraldic grotesqueness. Holroyd tried to elucidate his religious beliefs, and, especially after whisky, lectured to him against superstition. Azuma-zi, however, shirked the discussion of his gods, even though he was kicked for it.

Azuma-zi had come, clad in white but insufficient raiment, out of the stokehole of the Lord Clive, from the Straits Settlements and beyond into London. He had heard even in his youth of the greatness and riches of London, where all the women are white and fair and even the beggars in the streets are white, and he had arrived, with newly earned gold coins in his pocket, to worship at the shrine of civilization. The day of his landing was a dismal one. The sky was dun, and a wind worried drizzle filtered down to the greasy streets, but he plunged boldly into the delights of Shadwell and was presently cast up, shattered in health, civilized in costume, penniless, helpless, and, except in matters of the direst necessity, practically a dumb animal, to toil for James Holroyd and to be bullied by him in the dynamo shed at Camberwell. And to James Holroyd bullying was a labor of love.

There were three dynamos, with their engines, at Camberwell. The two that had been there since the beginning were small machines. The larger one was new. The smaller machines made a reasonable noise. Their straps hummed over the drums, every now and then the brushes buzzed and fizzled, and the air churned steadily, whoo! whoo! whoo! between their poles. One was loose in its foundations and kept the shed vibrating. But the big dynamo drowned these little noises altogether with the drone of its iron core, which somehow set part of the ironwork humming. The place made the visitor's head reel with the throb, throb, throb of the engines, the rotation of the big wheels, the spinning ball valves, the occasional spittings of the steam, and over all the deep, unceasing, surging note of the big dynamo. This noise was, from an engineering point of view, a defect, but Azuma-zi accounted it unto the monster for mightiness and pride.

If it were possible, we would have the noises of that shed always about the reader as he reads, we would tell our story to such an accompaniment. It was a steady stream of din, from which the ear picked out first one thread and then another. There were the intermittent snorting, panting and seething of the steam engines, the suck and thud of their pistons, the dull beat on the air as the spokes of the great driving wheels came round, a note the leather straps made as they ran tighter and looser and a fretful tumult from the dynamos, and over all, sometimes inaudible, as the ear tired of it and then creeping back upon the senses again, was this trombone note of the big machine. The floor never felt steady and quiet beneath one's feet, but quivered and jarred. It was a confusing, unsteady place and enough to send any one's thoughts jerking into odd zigzags. And for three months, while the big strike of the engineers was in progress, Holroyd, who was a blackleg, and Azuma-zi, who was a mere black, were never out of the stir and eddy of it, but slept and fed in the little wooden shanty between the shed and the gates.

Holroyd delivered a theological lecture on the text of his big machine soon after Azuma-zi came. He had to shout to be heard in the din.

"Look at that," said Holroyd. Where's your 'eathen idol to match it?" And Azuma-zi looked. For a moment Holroyd was inaudible, and then Azuma-zi heard: "Kill 100 men. It helps pay 12 per cent on the ordinary shares," said Holroyd, "and that's something like an idol!"

Holroyd was proud of his big dynamo and expatiated upon its size and power to Azuma-zi until heaven knows what odd currents of thought that and the incessant whirling and shindy set up within the curly black cranium. He would explain in the most graphic manner the dozen or so ways in which a man might be killed by it, and once he gave Azuma-zi a shock as a sample of its quality. After that in the breathing times of his labor—it was heavy labor, being not only his own, but most of Holroyd's—Azuma-zi would sit and watch the big machine. Now and then the brushes would sparkle and spit blue flashes, at which Holroyd would swear, but all the rest was as smooth and rhythmic as breathing. The band ran shouting over the shaft, and ever behind one as one watched was the complacent thud of the piston. So it lived all day in this big airy shed, with him and Holroyd to wait upon it, not prisoned up and slaving to drive a ship as the other engines he knew had been, but a machine enthroned. Those two smaller dynamos Azuma-zi by force of contrast despised; the large one he privately christened the lord of the dynamos. They were fretful and irregular, but the big dynamo was steady. How great it was! How serene and easy in its working! Greater and calmer even than the Buddhas he had seen at Rangoon, and yet not motionless, but living! The great black coils spun, spun, spun, the rings ran round under the brushes, and the deep note of its coil steadied the whole. It affected Azuma-zi queerly.

Azuma-zi was not fond of labor. He would sit about and watch the lord of the dynamos while Holroyd went away to persuade the yard porter to get whisky, although his proper place was not in the dynamo shed, but behind the engines, and, moreover, if Holroyd caught him skulking, he got hit for it with a rod of stout copper wire. He would go and stand close to the colossus and look up at the great leather band running overhead. There was a black patch on the band that came round, and it pleased him somewhat among all the clatter to watch this return again and again. Odd thoughts spun with the whirl of it. Scientific people tell us that savages give souls to rocks and trees, and a machine is a thousand times more alive than a rock or a tree. And Azuma-zi was practically a savage still. The veneer of civilization lay no deeper than his slop suit, his bruises and the coal grime on his face and hands. His father before him had worshiped a meteoric stone. It may be kindred blood had splashed the broad wheels of Juggernaut.

He took every opportunity Holroyd gave him of touching and handling the great dynamo that was fascinating him. He polished and cleaned it until the metal parts were blinding in the sun. He felt a mysterious sense of service in doing this. He would go up to it and touch its spinning coils gently. The gods he had worshiped were all far away. The people in London hid their gods.

At last his dim feelings grew more distinct and took shape in thoughts and acts. When he came into the shed one morning, he salaamed to the lord of the dynamos, and then, when Holroyd was away, he went and whispered to the machine that he was its servant and prayed it to have pity on him and save him from Holroyd. As he did so a rare gleam of light came in through the open archway of the throbbing machine shed, and the lord of the dynamos, as he whirled and roared, was radiant with pale gold. Then Azuma-zi knew that his service was acceptable to his lord. After that he did not feel so lonely as he had done, and he had indeed been very much alone in London. And even when his work time was over, which was rare, he loitered about the shed.

Then, the next time Holroyd maltreated him, Azuma-zi went presently to the lord of the dynamos and whispered, "Thou seest, O my lord!"

And the angry whir of the machinery seemed to answer him. Thereafter it appeared to him that whenever Holroyd came into the shed a different note came into the sounds of the great dynamo. "My lord bides his time," said Azuma-zi to himself. "The iniquity of the fool is not yet ripe." And he waited and watched for the day of reckoning. One day there was evidence of short circuiting, and Holroyd, making an unwary examination—it was in the afternoon—got a rather severe electric shock. Azuma-zi from behind the engine saw him jump off and curse at the peccant coil.

"He is warned," said Azuma-zi to himself. "Surely my lord is very patient."

Holroyd had at first initiated his "nigger" into such elementary conceptions of the dynamo's working as would enable him to take temporary charge of the shed in his absence. But when he noticed the manner in which Azuma-zi hung about the monster he became suspicious. He dimly perceived his assistant was "up to something," and connecting him with the anointing of the coils with oil that had rotted the varnish in one place he issued an edict, shouted above the confusion of the machinery, "Don't 'ee go nigh that big dynamo any more, Pooh-bah, or A'll take thy skin off!" Besides, if it pleased Azuma-zi to be near the big machine, it was plain sense and decency to keep him away from it.

Azuma-zi obeyed at the time, but later he was caught bowing before the lord of the dynamos, at which Holroyd twisted his arm and kicked him as he turned to go away. As Azuma-zi presently stood behind the engine and glared at the hated Holroyd the noises of the machinery took a new rhythm and sounded like four words in his native tongue.

It is hard to say exactly what madness is. I fancy Azuma-zi was mad. The incessant din and whirl of the dynamo shed may have churned up his little store of knowledge and big store of superstitious fancy at last into something akin to frenzy. At any rate, when the idea of making Holroyd a sacrifice to the dynamo fetich was thus suggested to him, it filled him with a strange tumult of exultant emotion.

That night the two men and their black shadows were alone in the shed together. The shed was lit with one big arc light that winked and flickered purple. The shadows lay black behind the dynamos, the ball valves whirled from light to darkness, and the engines beat loud and steady. The world outside seen through the one end of the shed seemed incredibly dim and remote. It seemed absolutely silent, too, since the riot of the machinery drowned every external sound. Far away was the black fence of the yard, with gray shadowy houses behind, and above were the deep blue sky and the pale little stars. Azuma-zi suddenly walked across the center of the shed above which the leather bands were running and went into the shadow by the big dynamo. Holroyd heard a click, and the spin of the armature changed.

"What are you dewin with that switch?" he bawled in surprise. "Haven't I told you"—

Then he saw the set expression of Azuma-zi's eyes as the Asiatic came out of the shadow toward him.

In another moment the two men were grappling fiercely in front of the great dynamo.

"You coffee headed fool!" gasped Holroyd, with a brown hand at his throat. "Keep off those contact rings." In another moment he was tripped and reeling back upon the lord of the dynamos. He instinctively loosened his grip upon his antagonist to save himself from the machine.

The messenger, sent in furious haste from the station to find out what had happened in the dynamo shed, met Azuma-zi at the porter's lodge by the gate. Azuma-zi tried to explain, but the messenger could make nothing of the black's incoherent English and hurried on to the shed. The machines were all noisily at work, and nothing seemed to be disarranged. There was, however, a queer smell of singed hair. Then he saw an odd looking crumpled mass clinging to the front of the big dynamo, and approaching recognized the distorted remains of Holroyd.

The man stared and hesitated a moment. Then he saw the face and shut his eyes, convulsively squeezing the lids together. He turned on his heel before he opened them, so that he should not see Holroyd again, and went out of the shed to get advice and help.

When Azuma-zi saw Holroyd die in the grip of the great dynamo, he had been a little scared about the consequences of his act. Yet he felt strangely elated and knew that the favor of the lord dynamo was upon him. His plan was already settled when he met the men coming from the station, and the scientific manager, who speedily arrived on the scene, jumped at the obvious conclusion of suicide. This expert scarcely noticed Azuma-zi except to ask a few questions. Did he see Holroyd kill himself? Azuma-zi explained he had been out of sight at the engine furnace until he heard a difference in the noise from the dynamo. It was not a difficult examination, being untinctured by suspicion.

The distorted remains of Holroyd, which the electrician removed from the machine, were hastily covered by the porter with a coffee stained tablecloth. Somebody, by a happy inspiration, fetched a medical man. The expert was chiefly anxious to get the machine at work again, for seven or eight trains had stopped midway in the stuffy tunnels of the electric railway. Azuma-zi, answering or misunderstanding the questions of the people who had by authority or impudence come into the shed, was presently sent back to the stokehole by the scientific manager. Of course a crowd collected outside the gates of the yard—a crowd, for no known reason, always hovers for a day or two near the scene of a sudden death in London—two or three reporters percolated somehow into the engine shed, and one even got to Azuma-zi, but the scientific expert cleared them out again, being himself an amateur journalist. Presently the body was carried away, and public interest departed with it. Azuma-zi remained very quietly at his furnace, seeing over and over again in the coals a figure that wriggled violently and became still. An hour after the murder, to any one coming into the shed, it would have looked exactly as if nothing had happened. Peeping presently from his engine room, the black saw the lord dynamo spin and whirl beside his little brothers, and the driving wheels were beating round, and the steam in the pistons went thud, thud, exactly as it had been earlier in the evening. After all, from the mechanical point of view, it had been a most insignificant incident, the mere temporary deflection of a current, only now the slender form and slender shadow of the scientific manager replaced the sturdy outline of Holroyd traveling up and down the lane of light upon the vibrating floor under the straps between the engines and the dynamos.

"Have I not served my lord?" said Azuma-zi inaudibly from his shadow, and the note of the great dynamo rang out full and clear. As he looked at the big, whirling mechanism the strange fascination of it that had been a little in abeyance since Holroyd's death resumed its sway.

Never had Azuma-zi seen a man killed so swiftly and pitilessly. The big, humming machine had slain its victim without wavering for a second from its steady beating. It was indeed a mighty god. The unconscious scientific manager stood with his back to him, scribbling on a piece of paper. His shadow lay at the foot of the monster.

"Was the lord dynamo still hungry? His servant was ready."

Azuma-zi made a stealthy step forward, then hesitated. The scientific manager suddenly stopped writing and walked down the shed to the endmost of the dynamos and began to examine the brushes.

Azuma-zi hesitated and then slipped across noiselessly into the shadow by the switch. There he waited. Presently the manager's footsteps could be heard returning. He stopped in his old position, unconscious of the figure crouching ten feet away from him. Then the big dynamo suddenly fizzled, and in another moment a thickset figure had sprung out of the darkness upon him.

The scientific manager will remember all the details of that struggle with the mad stoker so long as there is life in him. First he was gripped round the body and swung toward the big dynamo. Then, kicking with his knee and forcing his antagonist's head down with his hands, he loosened the grip on his waist and swung round away from the machine. Then the black grasped him with his arms again, putting a curly head against his chest, and they swayed and panted as it seemed for an age or so. Then the scientific manager was impelled to catch a black ear in his teeth and bite furiously. The black yelled hideously. Suddenly they rolled over on the floor, and the black, who had apparently slipped from the vise of the teeth or parted with some ear—the scientific manager wondered which at the time—tried to throttle him. The scientific manager was making some ineffectual efforts to claw something with his hands and to kick when the welcome sound of quick footsteps sounded on the floor. The next moment Azuma-zi had left him and darted toward the big dynamo. There was a splutter amid the roar.

The officer of the company who had entered stood staring as Azuma-zi caught the naked terminals in his hands, gave one horrible convulsion and then hung motionless from the machine, his face violently distorted.

"I'm jolly glad you came in when you did," said the scientific manager, still sitting on the floor.

He looked at the still quivering figure. "It is not a nice death to die apparently, but it is quick."

The ticket collector was still staring at the body. He was a man of slow apprehension.

There was a pause.

The scientific manager got up on his feet rather awkwardly. He ran his fingers along his collar thoughtfully and moved his head to and fro several times.

"Poor Holroyd! I see now." Then almost mechanically he went toward the switch in the shadow and turned the current into the railway circuit again. As he did so the singed body loosened its grip upon the machine and fell forward on its face.

So ended prematurely the worship of the dynamo deity, probably the most short lived of all religions. Yet withal it could boast a martyrdom and a human sacrifice.—H. C. Wells in Pall Mall Budget.

WHAT TO DO WITH ONE'S MONEY.

Suggestions For Those Who Do Not "Spend as They Go."

A woman who probably voices the question of a great many other women writes to ask how she shall invest her savings. She is a working woman who has accumulated a small sum, which she naturally wishes to use in accumulating more. The amount she has saved is not large enough for her to invest in real estate or in any large enterprise.

About two years ago this same question was asked, and we put the problem before the leading business men and financiers. They answered the question almost unanimously. They advocated the saving of the money in savings banks at a small rate of interest until such time as there should be sufficient money to invest in a good first mortgage or in desirable real estate. The reason for this decision was that women are seldom fitted by education and training to take part wisely in ventures. They are likely to be the prey of designing speculators. They are almost invariably incapable of taking care of themselves properly in any sort of speculative scheme. The savings banks offer a secure place for depositing money, and the income from them, while small, is certain. Four per cent, assured and safe, is better for most women than larger profits and greater risks.

When the small sum has grown to be a considerable one, "first" mortgages on good property form an admirable investment for women's savings. They yield an income of about 6 per cent in most states and are about as safe as saving banks. Land has an agreeable quality of remaining where it is, and improvements on land when mortgaged are always insured, so that there is little danger of loss to the holder of a first mortgage. By a first mortgage is meant the one which, in case of failure of the owner of the property to pay the interest or the amount of the loan in due time, will be paid first.

Investment in real estate is not so satisfactory. Property in places where the value of land is not liable to be diminished costs a good deal, in the first place. Then there are taxes, insurance and constant repairs to decrease the profits. Still land has an advantage of other investments in its comparative stability.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Destroyed Its Own Identity.

One step from the sublime to the ridiculous. This is an old truism. It might be said also that comedy and tragedy are very near to each other—at least so argued that prince of good fellows, Nat Goodwin.

Seated in Delmonico's cafe one day recently, Goodwin was entertaining a number of friends with personal reminiscences of a European trip. In a delightfully ingenuous manner he made himself the butt in each story, and convulsed his auditors with laughter.

Finally he said: "I was walking down street the other day—that is, I was or another fellow was, it doesn't make any difference. You don't want to spoil a story on technicalities. Anyhow I or the other fellow was walking down street and chanced to pass an express office.

"The expressman was loading his wagon preparatory for his afternoon round. Of a sudden the forwarding agent or whatever you call him came out with a small dog.

"'Where's he going?' asked the driver.

"'I don't know.'

"'Don't know?'

"'Naw.'

"'Why the — don't you know?'

"'Now, don't get previous,' said the forwarding agent. 'I don't know, an it don't know, an nobody knows. It's et up its tag, that's the reason.'"

His auditors laughed, but Goodwin drew a long face. "I say it's pathetic," he remarked. "Think of the position of that dog. In a thoughtless moment he destroyed his own identity. It's a tragedy in real life."—New York Herald.

An Impossible House.

The man and his wife called on the architect, and the architect was glad to see them, for business was extremely dull.

"We want you to build a house for us," said the man by way of introduction.

"Thanks," bowed the architect. "I shall be only too glad to do so, and I am quite sure that I can give entire satisfaction."

"Well, you ought to," remarked the lady. "We don't want much."

"What kind of a house did you wish?" inquired the architect.

"We want a good, plain one of about eight rooms," explained the man, "and we will leave the design to you. All we expect is that when you have finished it it will suit my wife and myself. I mean on the inside. We are not so particular about the outside."

The architect heaved a deep sigh.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but you will have to go to some other architect. We can't design an impossible house in this office."—Detroit Free Press.

A Compliment.

Two old schoolfellows met 15 years after their graduation and fell, figuratively, upon each other's necks.

"Well, well, dear old Smith!" said Green. "How glad I am to see you! What days those were! Ha, ha, Smith, you were the stupidest fellow in the class!"

"Yes, I suppose I was."

"And here you are now! Why," looking him over, "you haven't changed a particle!"—Youth's Companion.

In the mountains of Sweden, Norway and Lapland all vegetation would be utterly destroyed by the Norway rats were it not for the white foxes that make special game of the rodents.

The "great bell" at Moscow weighs 443,732 pounds, is 19 feet and 3 inches high and measures 60 feet 9 inches around the lower rim. The bell metal in it is worth $300,000.

NOT ON THE BILLS.

He Lost His Job, but Made Sure of His Girl.

An actress who has toured in England told me a tale that I thought interesting. She said:

"In a play produced in the provinces there is a scene in which the hero strikes the villain, who slinks away without seeking to defend himself.

"One night in a large manufacturing town the young fellow who played the deep dyed scoundrel remarked to the leading man before the curtain rose:

"'I say, old chap, I've got my fiancee out in front tonight with her father and mother. Now, of course they don't know anything about our business, and I'm afraid it would rather hurt me with them if I received a blow and got away in the usual cowardly fashion. So, dear old chap, can't you omit the blow tonight?'

"'But, my boy, the management will fine me 2 shillings.'

"'Well, I'll pay the fine.'

"'Oh, yes, that's all very well for you. But what do I get out of it? Nothing but a bad name with the powers that be.'

"'Oh, well, I'll give you 2 shillings extra, or, better yet, you hit me as usual, and I'll hit back! They'll fine me, not you, and I'll give you the 2 shillings besides. You see how I'm situated. I shouldn't like the girl to mix me up with the character I play. Outsiders are so funny that way.'

"So the compact was made, and that night when the hero cried, 'Sir Daniel Deepwater'—or something of that sort—'base offspring of a noble race, take that!' Sir Daniel not only 'took that,' but gave it back with such force that 'the pit rose at him,' including his relatives to be by marriage, and he walked off the stage in triumph.

"I am sorry to add he lost his situation, but he gained his point."—New York Recorder.

FORMATION OF SILVER MINES.

How Nature Accumulates the Great Stores of Valuable Ore.

The process by which nature forms her silver mines is very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These chemical solutions take up small particles of the precious metal, which they find here and there. Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally heat assists the performance of this operation.

Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below the ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time—perhaps thousands of years—until the fissure or pocket is filled up. Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the precious metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a million hands were fetching the treasure from all sides and hiding away a future mine for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mounting Photographs.

The satisfactory mounting of photographs is a troublesome operation, and the following suggestion from a contributor to The Outlook may be of assistance to amateurs: "I have found a method by which a photograph or engraving can be mounted on the thinnest paper without curling or wrinkling. If the picture is a photograph, it should be ironed out smooth with a hot iron and then trimmed. Mix a little gum arabic in hot water so as to make a rather thick mucilage. Place the picture on the page in position and mark just inside the corners. Remove the picture and take some of the mucilage on a ruling pen and draw a heavy line of mucilage from one point to another, so as to make a line of mucilage all around the place where the picture is to be. As soon as the mucilage is sticky put the picture in place and a book over it to keep it flat. When dry, you will have a smooth mount that will not curl."

An Effective Warning.

The train was just ready to start for Boston when a detective from Superintendent Byrnes' office got on one of the smoking cars and said, "Be careful, gentlemen; I believe there are a couple of sharpers inside."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed a very stylish looking gentleman, preparing to get out. "I'd no idea there were such people here. I'm sure I shall get out."

Another, who was sitting in a seat opposite, exclaimed:

"I have a large sum of money with me, and I have no wish to lose it," whereupon he, too, got out.

"All right, gentlemen," the officer calmly remarked; "they are both gone now."—Millard J. Bloomer in Harlem Life.

Joseph Bonaparte.

Joseph Bonaparte fled to America after the hundred days and bought a home in Philadelphia, where he lived in winter, and a mansion in New Jersey, where he passed his summers. He was much liked in this country, but could not make up his mind to stay here, so returned to Europe, hoping to profit by the changes of government in France. He was always disappointed and found himself an unwelcome guest in every country save England. He finally secured permission to live in Italy and died in Florence in 1844.—Exchange.

Taken and Taken.

She—I hate to have a photograph taken.

He—Well, you don't have to, do you?

She—How can I help myself? I left it here on the table, and now it is gone.

He—Oh, ah!—Detroit Free Press.

A GOOD BEAR STORY.

A TEAMSTER'S QUEER ADVENTURE IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

Knocked Over by a Silver Tip Dam and Buried In the Snow—When She Came Back For a Feast, the Larder Was Empty, and the Situation Was Reversed.

Early in the fall of 1880 our regiment was ordered into the field against hostile Indians, and about the beginning of October we were encamped on Poplar creek, a tributary emptying into the Missouri from the north, about 60 miles distant from Fort Buford.

Our instructions required us to remain here until further orders should be received, and during these few days that we lay idle in camp the men amused themselves in various ways, but principally by organizing short hunting expeditions into the surrounding country.

Our chief of teamsters was Henry Morgan, a good all round shot and one who had more than once brought down big game by his skill. He started off alone one morning just as a mild blizzard began to fly and openly declared that when he returned he would bring an antelope or a deer back with him, and perhaps both.

We saw him disappear in the direction of Mill creek with his rifle over his shoulder, but the narrative of his subsequent movements is best told by himself:

"I had gone perhaps three miles up the creek, and had as yet seen no signs of any wild animal, when all at once from behind a cottonwood log near a thick bunch of underbrush a long eared cottontail rabbit leaped nimbly into sight, and the next moment my shot laid him low.

"I hurried over to the spot and was leaning over to examine the animal when I felt a crash as if the whole canyon had exploded, and as I tumbled over in the snow my fast departing senses recognized a huge silver tip bear, whose powerful paw had been the author of my mischief.

"I lay there half stunned and badly bruised, with just enough consciousness left to observe what was going on around me.

"The old bear nosed and rolled me about, and finally succeeded in pushing and dragging me about 20 feet; then she pushed me down into a washout of the creek bottom and pawed away until she had me almost covered with snow, brush and other trash. I had now recovered my senses, but as I could easily breathe through the loose pile that covered me I thought it safest to lie still and await the outcome.

"Completing my funeral arrangements, the bear walked about and sniffed a few times suspiciously at the spot; then by the sound of her satisfied snarls and growls growing fainter and less distinct I knew that she was moving off.

"When I considered she was far enough away, I scrambled out of the hole, shook myself clear of the trash and then looked around for my gun.

"It was lying safe and little damaged near the log where I killed the cottontail, but was somewhat scratched and choked with snow.

"I first cleaned the piece out, placed it in good order and then went back to my involuntary grave, where I found the tracks made by bruin to be quiet distinct and widely separated, showing that the beast had gone off down stream somewhat in a hurry. I suspected the old monster would be back sooner or later; so, rearranging the cavity and restoring the brush and trash as naturally as possible, I retired to a safe position behind the cottonwood log, which had been the scene of my first disaster, and sat down to wait.

"Perhaps three-quarters of an hour had passed when far down the open I saw the old mother with her cubs trotting merrily at her heels, making all haste up stream toward my place of concealment. I kept as still as death and scarcely breathed, but got my rifle into position and nervously waited until the trio should come within easy range.

"On she came, rolling from side to side, and then I saw that her object was the hole in which I had been so unceremoniously buried.

"She hurried to the spot, growled something at the cubs; then all three, cubs and dam, began pawing and scratching the brush and trash aside and sending it in a perfect shower behind them. Finally the hole was scooped out clean, and then the old one, evidently comprehending that the promised dinner had escaped, lay back her head and howled her woes to heaven.

"This was my first opportunity, and I fired with careful aim, the lead striking her in the lower part of the neck and causing her to pitch heavily forward. By the time I had placed a bullet in the fore shoulder of the largest cub the dam, with a mighty howl, regained her feet and savagely began to lick the wound of her bleeding offspring. I was perfectly cool now, and realizing that it was a matter of life or death with me I took another aim while the old one was poised on her hind legs mopping her own wound and sent a bullet through her heart. The younger cub got away in the brush before I was ready for it, but the large one, who had already been wounded, I finished with another shot."—Philadelphia Times.

A Bicycle Groom.

Ladies on horseback should always be attended by a groom, according to the rules of society. Now the gentleman who is supposed to lead New York society pronounces that every lady cyclist must be duly accompanied by a groom on a bicycle. His own daughter sets the fashion.

"If a man loves a woman for her looks, he will love her for five years. If he loves her mind, he will love her for ten years. If he loves her ways, he will love her forever." And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.

EMBROIDERED WITH AN "S."

How the Thoughtful Girl Brought Bashful Young Smiffkins Round at Last.

Both were young, and she was fair. He had been calling on her seven evenings and one afternoon a week for six months. Still nothing was settled, although he was in the habit of lingering before jewelers' windows and asking every young married man of his acquaintance if it really did not cost as much to keep one as two. As for her, she was spending 16 hours a day over the embroidering of table linen, which, instead of dedicating to the family use, she carefully locked away as soon as finished. Meanwhile the sister next in succession was clamoring for the reversion of the parlor, and the younger brothers sat in the seat of the scornful.

One evening he noticed an unusual abstraction in her manner.

"You are not offended with me?" he asked. "I know I didn't get here until 12 minutes past 8, but the car stopped in the tunnel, and"—

"Offended? Not at all." And she gazed dreamily into the fire.

"Perhaps you are ill, then. You know, you had lost 1½ pounds last time we were weighed, and you haven't eaten all the candy I brought yet. You must be very careful of your health."

The absent gaze wandered over his head. "I am quite well, thank you—only a little thoughtful. The serious problems of life must sometimes present themselves to one's mind."

"You can't decide whether to have a jacket or a cape? Or is it whether to have your photographs profile or three-quarter face?"

"Nothing so frivolous! This is really something important."

"You—you don't think of parting your hair, do you? Or is it possible that you contemplate entering a convent?"

"No, no! I can't tell you what it is, but"—

"I see it now; I see it all!" he burst forth. "You are expecting that Miller fellow. Well, I will say good evening. I would not interfere with such a delightful visit."

"I don't see why you say 'that' Miller. I think him a charming fellow."

"So does he. Good evening, Miss Daisy."

"I—why, what is your hurry?"

"You said that you expected Miller, and"—

"Why, I said nothing of the kind! He is calling on Julia this evening. I saw his shadow on the blind. No one else has such absurd ears."

"Oh, well, Miller is a very nice fellow. But you haven't told me yet what you are thinking of."

"Oh, I can never tell you. You will think it silly. You are always laughing at it."

"Can it be about the embroidered linen?"

"How clever of you! How did you ever guess? But I can never, never tell you."

"Then I shall think it a joke at my expense. I insist on knowing."

"Oh, it's not a joke at all, but if you insist"—

"I do insist."

"But, Mr. Smiffkins, I really can't. Well, if you will know, I have finished embroidering enough of it—well, enough for a—a small family, and now I don't know what initial to put on it, and it naturally makes me rather thoughtful."

The next day she took her linen down town and had the letter "S" stamped on every piece.—Chicago Tribune.

Attended to That.

The night clerk was dozing in his chair and was startled by what he afterward remarked seemed to him to be a regiment of soldiers coming down stairs.

"I'll be goldurned if this ain't the worst place I've ever struck."

"What's the matter now?" asked the clerk, who, by the way, has had considerable experience with the same kind of people.

"Well, by gosh, there's the durndest smell up in that room of mine that beats any old sewer I ever smelled. I've been trying to sleep for some time, but it seems to be getting worse all the while."

After several suggestions as to what might be the cause the clerk intimated that the gas might possibly be leaking.

"Not by a durn sight," replied the granger. "That can't be the cause, for I blew that out an hour ago."—Norwich Bulletin.

An Unanswered Query.

I have inquired in vain of all the horsemen I know why horses when standing along a sidewalk almost invariably stand with their fore feet on the curb. I cannot imagine any reason for it, and all my questionings of those whom one might very well suppose would know have remained unanswered. It is interesting to notice the number of horses which indulge in this sort of elevation when pulled up alongside a sidewalk. Perhaps they do it to ease the strain on their checkreins, though how it does it I cannot imagine.—Louisville Post.

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A GALLERY PICTURE.

Artist Watts Has a Word to Say About His "Love and Life."

Mr. George M. Watts, R. A., the eminent English artist, sends the following letter to the New York Herald apropos of the dispute between the Washington authorities and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in regard to the possession of his painting, "Love and Life:"

"In regard to the picture I presumed to present to the government of the United States it may not be out of place for me, in the first place, to point out that the painting represents in the simplest manner that naked humanity is aided to ascend from the depths of base animalism by love, meaning sympathy, generosity and aspiration, signified by the broad wings. The figures are purely symbolical, having, I hope, no tinge of sensuality in the character of their form.

"My idea was that the great American nation would in time gather together a splendid collection of works of art, which will represent the mind of the English speaking races, but that awaiting this time my offering should find a home in some such place as the Metropolitan museum of New York, though I may add that after some correspondence with the American embassy here I accepted the arrangement that a temporary resting place should be found in some public room or gallery of the White House.

"I can't, however, presume to offer any voice in the matter beyond saying that the painting is essentially a gallery picture and was never contemplated by me as hanging in any dwelling house whatever."

Echo Verses.

Echo verses were sometimes used effectively for epigrams and squibs. Thus a critic once wrote:

I'd fain praise your poem—but, tell me, how is it
When I cry out "exquisite," echo cries, "Quiz it?"

And when, in 1831, Paganini was drawing crowds to the opera house at extravagant prices, The Sunday Times printed the following lines:

What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?
Echo—Pack o' ninnies!

—All the Year Round.

No Difference.

Mrs. Secondwed—You are so unlike my first husband.

Mr. S.—I hope the difference is in my favor, my dear.

Mrs. S.—Oh, it is, very much.

Mr. S.—Thanks. What is it?

Mrs. S.—You're alive.—Newport Mercury.

The Aleutian islands were so called from the river Olutora, in Kamchatka. The people living at the mouth of this stream were called Alutorsky, and a modification of the name was given to the islands.

THE ACTOR KICKED.

And His Nerve Was Rewarded With a Liberal Shower of Wealth.

Here is a good story from the London Figaro:

"I happened the other night to be at one of the smaller theaters in the city and witnessed toward the last act of the principal play a very amusing incident.

"A slight impatience was shown among the audience at the delay in raising the curtain, and shortly the manager appeared to announce that one of the actors had been taken ill, which necessitated his role being taken by a substitute.

"Then the act commenced, but suddenly every one was startled by the appearance of another character on the stage, who immediately began to explain himself as follows:

" 'They have deceived you. I am not ill, but they have not paid me, and as I have not dined I was of course unable to fulfill my role.'

"The public was at first stupefied, but very soon acclaimed the actor, and money literally rained on the stage. Finally at the end of several minutes the actor, who probably had received satisfaction, entered the stage and played his part, much to the delight of the spectators."

Turning Up the Trousers.

I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and that is why I have always felt sure that there must be some reason for the "astrornary and ascentric" behavior of people who turn up the bottoms of their trousers in dry weather. The New York exquisites who copied the fashion from London will be disgusted at the vulgar origin of the practice, for I understand that it had its rise in the inventive brains of some bank clerks, who used to go down to the city on those bad old "razor back" buses. They found that their nether garments got frayed by rubbing against the woodwork under the seats until one day one of them exclaimed, "Go to, and let us turn up our trousers." And they did so. And having turned them up it didn't seem worth while to turn them down again, so the custom became crystallized. If only somebody would now inform us why we wear silk hats and have pockets in our coattails which we never use, we might even yet be moderately happy.—London Figaro.

Superior to Time.

It is strange, said a jeweler on Twenty-third street, but women seldom ever consult the official timepiece in the window. A man involuntarily pulls out his watch to set it by the standard time from the United States observatory, and if he passes ten timekeepers in a day would be apt to compare with half of them, but a woman, unless she is very businesslike, wouldn't pull out her watch to regulate it, not if she passed 100 standard timepieces. She is superior

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